

A HISTORY
OF
ROUND PRAIRIE
AND
PLYMOUTH.

1831-1875.

BY
✓
E. H. YOUNG.

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TO THE READER.

We might say of this book with some degree of truthfulness that, instead of being made—like Topsy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, "it grewed." In other words, when we first began to collect facts and reminiscences of the early history of this locality, it was done merely for the purpose of gratifying our personal desire to know more of the history of our adopted home.

With the study of the subject, it grew upon us, until it has developed into a book which we think will be of permanent interest and value to both present and future citizens of the place, as well as to many of their friends abroad.

No doubt mistakes will be found in it, it would be strange should it be otherwise, as the facts have been obtained largely from the personal recollections of various individuals, and "to err is human."

For the earlier facts of the history we are largely indebted to "Uncle Allen" Melton—the *oldest inhabitant*—the only living resident citizen who has been here through the whole period of our history.

For the later facts we are under obligations to almost every citizen of the place, as there are but few who have not contributed something to its contents.

THE AUTHOR.

PLYMOUTH, ILL.,
April, 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—Early settlers, but few of them left. Our obligations to them. Difficulties of the historian. Philosophy of history, general principles. Our work. . . . Page 9

CHAPTER II.—French explorers two hundred years ago. What might have been. Crooked Creek, why so named. Funny Frenchmen. Lamine River, meaning of name—a hit on the Monks. Lamoin township. Bronson's creek. The sublime and the ridiculous. Flour Creek. Confiscated flour and flour afloat, a twice-named creek. Round Prairie, native beauty, flowers, framework, fires. Indian settlements at Birmingham, Lamoin and Cedar Bluff. City of the dead. United States survey. Mormon trail. . . . Page 13

CHAPTER III.—Discovery of (the) Plymouth (to be) in 1831. Three-quarters of the corporation "claimed." First improvements. Birmingham's first permanent occupation. A land flowing with honey. Honey in a sack on horseback—a demoralized package. Additional settlers in 1832-3. Page 20

CHAPTER IV.—Snake stories. Ezekiel Boman and the Cedar Bluff snake den, reinforcements, siege. Sapp and Manlove at the Birmingham snake den. Great slaughter. Subject for a picture—a broken rail—Mr. Sapp rolls down the bluff among the snakes. A coincidence, an Indian luxury. Subject dropped with a reflection. . . . Page 25

CHAPTER V.—First organized religious efforts. Methodists at the front. First preaching by Rev. Henry Somers in 1833. Class formed—Edward Wade leader. First Sunday School work, in 1835, by Samuel King, at his own house, afterwards at Burton's grove. Going to Sunday School under difficulties—the Colonel's strategy—an incident with a sequel. Land sales. Changes. A New England colony. Congregational Church, original members, survivors. . . . Page 29

CHAPTER VI.—Broken threads picked up. The bread and butter, or "Hog and Hominy" question. Game and honey. Nearest supplies of bread-stuff and store goods at Rushville, Beardstown and Quincy. A corn-cracker at Brooklyn in 1832. Hand Mills. Burrs and Bolt in Brooklyn mill in 1834. Birmingham mill built in 1835-6. Hardships of short rations. Wants in the way of store goods simplified by distance. Post Office in Augusta in 1834. First school. . . . Page 35

CHAPTER VII.—1836. Plymouth—first year's history. Hotel, dwellings, stores, shops, Post Office, school building, teachers, Presbyterian Church. . . . Page 40

CHAPTER VIII.—1837. Plymouth continued. H. P. Griswold M. D., and W. M. King, Esq. Fourth of July Barbecue— one beef, two hogs and two sheep for dinner, five hundred guests, Sidney A. Little, orator; ball and refreshments at night. Yankee town—why it was, and why it is not. Congregational house of worship, old house and new, still side by side. Ministers. (Sampson Onions). Congregational and Presbyterian meetings, jointly and otherwise, from 1837 to 1850. Sunday School Mission work. A "mighty hunter." Meetings in Burton's barn and at Byrd Smith's. . . . Page 45

CHAPTER IX.—Panic of 1837—effect on Plymouth. Mormonism. Mormon Bible. Moral principles. Chartered rights. Military power. Danites. Population in Plymouth and in county. Asserting their rights. Gentile perversity. Saving bacon with a trap-gun, &c. Mormon vs. Mormon, stolen hogs. Tricks of the (Mormon) trade. Political trouble. Press destroyed. Smiths killed. A big scare, Carthaginians flee. Panic spreads. Jim's story. Disgusted guards. Mormons frightened. Blue stocking war. The Prophet's widow and son. . . . Page 56

CHAPTER X.—Business record of Plymouth, 1839-1855. Baxter. Mormon hotel, Cole and Ewing. M. C. Johnson. Philip Metzger. King and Percival. J. W. Bell. H. P. Griswold, M. D. John A. Hamilton. The Wilson House burned. Dr. Montgomery. Thos. L. Gannon. Thos. Garvin. David Higby. John J. Hipple. J. M. Randolph. The Buzan Building and its occupants. Lewis Graham. Esta Bidwell. Henry Tuck. Sayler and Elliott. D. P. Palmer. John Hayden. N. H. Grafton. James Rigglin. Reuben Cecil. John W. Boman. Samuel Tibbetts. Reuben Munday. . . . Page 89

CHAPTER XI.—Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Rail Road. Additions to town plat. How to fill vacant lots. Bell, Rook and Johnson's addition. Wilson's addition. Cook's addition. Madison's addition. Randolph's addition. Improvements on each. Flouring Mill. School buildings. North school house. The "Round Top." The East school house. Plymouth school buildings Nos. 2 and 3. Academy Association. Post Office. Postmasters and Mail routes. Newspaper, "The Locomotive." The Park. The Cemetery. Public and private burying grounds. Page 105

CHAPTER XII.—Business record, 1855-1875. Wm. M. King. P. Metzgar. Metzgar and Miller. J. A. Hamilton. J. M. Randolph. C. M. Currens. Thomas Rockey. John C. Bagby. Jacob Elliott. J. W. Whittington. C. Elliott. Jay Davis. G. Michaelis. W. H. Vandorn. The Farmer's Club. The banking business. David Currens. J. T. Klepper. H. A. Jones. D. B. Rankin. W. H. Marsh. John Marsh. J. Wintermeyer. E. Marsh. G. W. Ross. Mrs. Gregory. Miss Grafton. J. H. Lawton. Bybee and Terry. F. M. Kinsey. T. C. Fitzgerald. E. D. Haggard. Ross, father and sons. James Wade. M. Mesick. Edward Madison. A. J. Massengill. A. Walty. W. W. Pond. J. Hendrickson. Bidwell, Bro. & Co. D. W. Huddleston. A. S. and N. F. Newman. W. E. Odell. Machenheimer and Lawrence. J. A. Currens. J. G. Follin, M. D. M. D. Gillis. R. H. Ellis. Mrs. Wright. Belknap premises and occupants. Sam'l Ralston. James Stone. H. A. Markley. Mrs. E. S. Haines. S. K. Gaylord. Mrs. Taylor. Widup and Bro. J. W. Shaffer. J. S. Carroll. Wade and Bro. John McGrew, M. D. Newell Sapp, M. D. Various lumber dealers. T. J. Farley. C. H. Dodd. J. H. Graham. J. W. Johnson. T. W. Monk. R. Morrison. Business summary. Rail Road and other business. Page 128

CHAPTER XIII.—Temperance Crusade, Barbecue, Moral suasion. Physical suasion. Wing *vs.* the Irish woman. Citizens *vs.* Claiborn Wilson. The Ladies *vs.* Tom Braanan. Legal suasion—Cuyler *vs.* Bell. Sons of Temperance. Good Templars. Masons. Eastern Star. Population of Plymouth. Biographical sketches. Mathew Melton. John Trammel. Allen Melton. Brummel Sapp. David Manlove. J. W. Crockett. Col. Clark. L. A. Cook. Benj. Terrell. A good place in which to grow old. Page 158

CHAPTER XIV.—Church history. M. E. Church. Congregational Church. Presbyterian Church. Church of the Disciples. Baptist Church. United Brethren. Sunday Schools. Statistics of churches and Sunday schools. Page 193.

CHAPTER XV.—Patriotism of Round Prairie. Survivors of the war of 1812-15. Francis Kington. Edward Wade. R. T. Madison. Black Hawk and Texan wars—Major J. F. Garrett. Mormon war. Mexican war. The Rebellion.—List of soldiers from this vicinity in the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Seventh, Fifty-Seventh, Fifty-Eighth, Sixty-Second, Seventy-First, Seventy-Second, Seventy-eighth, Eighty-Eighth, One Hundred and Eighteenth, One Hundred and Nineteenth, One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth, One Hundred and Forty-Eighth, and One Hundred and Fifty-First regiments of Ill. Vol., Second Ill. Artillery Co. H. Seventh Mo. Cavalry. Tenth Mo. Infantry. A list of those whose regiments are not designated. A list of present residents enlisted elsewhere. Recruiting extraordinary—an episode. Page 212

CHAPTER XVI.—Birmingham. Location. Town Plat. Mill enterprise. First house. First school. An incident. Sunday school. Methodist church. Revival of 1874. Presbyterian church. Business record. Professional. The notorious A. D. Regions beyond. Gin Ridge. Nubbin Ridge. Maple sugar. Bridges. Accidents. Future prospects. Railroads. Page 233

CHAPTER XVII.—Underground Rail Road. Lovejoy and Thompson. Through by daylight. Ginger's story. A collision, train robbing. A fortunate blunder. Lost. Stepping down and out. Going to market. Discovery—a narrow escape. Big haul—worthless negro captured. True manhood. A lively load and lively time. A pair of photographs. A grand rally and hunt. An interesting side scene.—The sequel. Page 248

A HISTORY

OF

ROUND PRAIRIE AND PLYMOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

Only about forty-five years have passed since the first settlements are known to have been made within the bounds of Round Prairie. This brief period, however, exceeds the average lifetime of a generation; and as we inquire for this and that one of the first settlers, the answer comes back that they have gone to that other country from which there is no return.

Having little time for literary pursuits amid the struggles for the necessaries and comforts of life, the few whose tastes and training may have fitted them for it, have left us no record of their experience in laying the foundations of the physical and social structure we now enjoy. But few of the first settlers remain; and of these, all who were then old enough to take an active

part in the work of subduing nature and building up society, are now on the downhill of life—many of them so far down towards the end of their journey, that their white locks and feeble limbs admonish us to write soon, if we would do it from their lips, the story they have to tell of what they have done and endured for us and our children.

To this little band of pioneers who began to make Round Prairie the fruitful field we now see, and who laid the foundations of the business enterprises, schools, churches, etc., that are established in our midst, we owe a lasting debt of gratitude. The least we can do in discharging this debt, is to cherish their memory, make a record of their deeds, engrave this record in the enduring material of the printer's art, and hand it down to children's children. We may do this with the firm assurance that the value of the record will greatly increase as succeeding generations come upon the stage. The historian who attempts to write of passing events, or close upon the time of past events, has peculiar difficulties to encounter. Like the soldier on the battle-field, he is so enveloped in the dust and smoke of the strife as to be poorly fitted to judge

of the progress of the battle, or of its influence upon the cause for which the battle is fought.

Faithful history is not merely a record of passing events, however important these may be. Such events serve rather as a frame-work or skeleton upon which history is elaborated. If you would find the sources of life and power in true history, look into the motives that led to the act, then to the results growing out of it. These are the moulding influences that impress themselves upon future generations. There is a philosophy in history, and its principles are the same, whether applied to the birth and growth of a great nation like the United States, or to a little community like Round Prairie.

The principles and motives that led our Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth Rock 250 years ago have impressed this nation no less surely than the principles and motives that led our pioneers to this Prairie 45 years ago have impressed themselves upon this community. By an inexorable law of nature the character of the parent is stamped upon the child. This is true of the community as well as of the family. As previously intimated, we are not yet in

a position to apply these general principles to the work before us; this part of the work must be left for those who can trace the results of the acts we record in the clearer light of the future.

We state briefly, for the benefit of young philosophers, certain results that may be expected from certain conditions in the formation of character, either in the family or community.

If parents are wise, and united in counsels and training, the child may be expected to grow up a useful member of society; if otherwise, evils greater or less, may be expected. In mixed communities, made up of people from various sections, and trained under different influences, conflicting currents will be found, that to some extent neutralize each other, lowering the tone and diminishing the power of the whole. The result is seen in a comparatively low standard of public improvement in almost everything which affects the physical, social, mental and moral welfare of the community.

Find a homogeneous community and you will find the currents of influence broad, strong and deep, whatever may be the character of those currents.

With these remarks on its philosophy, we turn to the consideration of the facts of history as furnished by the subject in hand.

CHAPTER II.

It would be interesting and profitable, also, to take a rapid glance into the brief records left by such men as Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Hennepin and others, who were among the first white men who are known to have explored the region of which our locality and state forms a part; but the story would be too long—nor does it belong here. Our work is local, not general history.

Some of these old French explorers might have paddled their canoes up Crooked Creek from Beardstown to Birmingham and Lamoine, at some seasons of the year, just as easily, and a great deal quicker than to La Salle and Joliet, and immortalized their names just as effectually by leaving them within the boundaries of our beautiful Round Prairie, as upon the banks of the Illinois.

Crooked Creek, with its margin of timber,

forms the eastern and most of the northern boundary of Round Prairie.

Of the origin of the name of this creek we have obtained no certain knowledge. Our oldest settlers found it so named when they came, by other older settlers at other points upon its banks. We might guess—near the mark, undoubtedly—that some one named it upon the bible principle of applying a name significant of the thing. The fitness of the name, I think, has never been questioned—nor is it likely to be until Crooked Creek straightens itself out.

The funny fellows who did Uncle Sam's surveying hereabouts—Frenchmen, perhaps—possibly descendants of old Marquette himself (though, on second thought, that seems improbable, as Marquette was a Catholic priest, and they cannot marry, or could not in those times, and consequently do not have descendants)—well, no matter who they were, they determined to dignify Crooked Creek as a river, and called it Lamine, or Lamoin—a French word meaning *The Monk*. If they intended to insinuate by this name, that the ways of the monks are as devious and crooked as the stream to which they applied the name,

they were pretty hard on this well-abused Catholic order.

In the original field notes of the United States survey for McDonnough County, Crooked Creek appears as Lamine River; the name, however, would not stick — it was too large, or the stream too small; it got loose, became detached from the stream, and finally fastened upon township 4 N. 4 W., leaving Crooked Creek to flow quietly down its tortuous channel through Lamoin township, driving Lamoin Mill on its way to the Illinois river.

A considerable tributary of Crooked Creek, known as *Bronson's* Creek, completes the northern boundary of Round Prairie; a small tributary of this, with its margin of timber, bounds it upon the west.

Bronson's Creek has taken its name from that of the first white settler upon its banks, Thomas Bronson.

The creek upon our south, with its flowery banks, woody slopes, quarries of rock, precipitous bluffs, and probable deposits of coal, has much about it both of beauty and of utility. Romantic young people delight often to ramble upon the banks of beautiful streams with beautiful names, gathering

the pretty, colored pebbles, or wild spring flowers; and said creek, no doubt, is a good place for the prosecution of such laudable enterprises. While thus engaged, a knowledge of the origin of its name may remind romantic people of the important fact that romance and reality may be quite as near to each other as the sublime and ridiculous are said to be.

In the summer of 1832 Mr. Edward Wade "made a crop" on the north edge of the Augusta prairie near the creek, on an "improvement" then held by one Dr. Allen. On leaving the cabin he occupied temporarily there, for the purpose of putting up a cabin upon his own claim on the neck of prairie toward Birmingham, the safety of his stock of supplies of bacon, flour, etc., during his absence became a matter of consultation between himself and the said Dr. Allen. The Doctor thought it unsafe to leave them in the cabin, and advised him to bring them to his house, which was done; but on Mr. Wade's return, much to his surprise, he found the storage arrangement had benefited the Doctor much more than himself, as the Doctor had appropriated largely of the flour to supply his own wants. This incident concerning Mr. Wade's *flour*, the

neighbors determined to commemorate in the name of the creek — so it came to be *F-l-o-u-r* Creek.

Although the name bid fair to stick without re-pasting, some time later (in the spring of 1834), Mr. Pruitt and Mr. Box, of St. Mary's, were returning from the Brooklyn Mill, with their grists, one Sunday evening, when the "creek was up," crossing at the ford south of Plymouth, with their ox team, a large and well-filled sack of *flour* was swept out of their wagon by the deep and rapid stream, and supposed to be lost; but on the Wednesday following, it was fished out, well preserved and in good order, except a thin crust next the sack,—so saith the "oldest inhabitant," Mr. Allen Melton. Thus happened the second christening of Flour Creek.

Between the creeks of which we have spoken, lies Round Prairie, its general form corresponding quite nearly to its name — (leaving off the narrow neck jutting out towards Birmingham.)

The average diameter of the prairie will not vary much from three miles.

Of the wild, native beauty of this locality, we may gather some idea by remembering that its gently undulating surface was swept

clean by the annual prairie fires, only to be reclothed with a rich carpet of grass profusely ornamented with the greatest variety and abundance of prairie flowers. The picture presented by this scene is spoken of by early settlers as one of surpassing beauty. The frame-work of this picture—the margin of timber surrounding it—was not a tangled mat of undergrowth amid the trees, inaccessible, almost, to man or beast, as we now find it in many places—but a clear, open growth of timber, through which one might travel unobstructed in any direction. This freedom from undergrowth was due to the same agency that renovated the surface of the prairie—the prairie fires.

If the Indian tribes who preceded the whites in the occupation of this region did not appreciate the beauty of the locality, they appreciated its utility in furnishing an abundance of game to supply their wants. The Indians had left before any permanent white settlement had been made in Round Prairie; but the first settlers found three recently vacated Indian camps—the number of wigwams indicating a considerable colony in each. One of these was near Birmingham, another at Lamoin Mill, and the third at Cedar Bluffs, north of Plymouth.

The wigwams did not remain long, the prairie fires soon swept away every vestige of these cities of the living. Birmingham has furnished a more enduring monument of Indian occupation in her city of their dead. Remains of an Indian burying ground, beyond Birmingham — near the road leading to Brooklyn — are thought to be visible still. In 1847-8, two medical students, Drs. Sapp and Patterson, in searching some of these mounds for bones to illustrate their anatomical studies, found such quantities of them as to suggest the possibility that that locality may have been the bloody battleground of hostile Indian tribes. But we tread here upon uncertain historical ground — let us look for more definite records.

In 1819 the United States surveyors struck their temporary camps, leaving their “stakes and mounds” in the prairie, and their “witness trees” in the timber, as the only evidences that were to be perpetuated of the civilized occupation of Round Prairie until its permanent settlement in 1831-2.

We get an introduction to our notorious fellow citizens of the Mormon persuasion about the time Round Prairie was settled. We shall make their acquaintance more fully about a dozen years later in our rec-

ord. We have only to say of them now, that the emigration of the Mormon community from Ohio to Missouri passed through the lower part of Round Prairie, leaving a well-marked and beaten road, traveled by hundreds of teams, and that continued to be used for years afterwards. This highway—the first made on Round Prairie—was known as the *Mormon Trail*. It crossed the Illinois river near the mouth of Spoon river, Crooked Creek just above Birmingham, and Flour Creek south of Mr. Fielding's present residence, thence along the north side of the Augusta prairie, crossing the Mississippi river at Quincy.

CHAPTER III.

Following the county line, as marked by the United States surveyors, from the present site of Pulaski, where they had been put on track of it, Mr. Matthew Melton, his son Allen, and son-in-law John Trammel, reached the corner between Schuyler, and McDonough counties, at the S. E. of Sec. 36, on which Plymouth now stands, in August, 1831, and proceeded at once to the rise of

ground on which Plymouth is built, and staked their claims as follows: Matthew Melton the S. W., John Trammel the N. W., and Allen Melton the N. E. quarter of the section. They then returned to Morgan County, Ill. (their home at that time), and in September returned with a team, tools, etc., and built a cabin on Matthew Melton's claim, south of town, just north of the township line, near where Mr. Cooper now lives. A little patch of ground was plowed near the cabin and planted with shellotts—a species of onion—and with peach seeds; thus was opened up the first “improvement” on Round Prairie:* this, however, was not permanently occupied until a year later.

It was intended by the parties, to move their families at once to the cabin they had just built, but after returning to Morgan county for this purpose, rains set in, raising the creeks so that the journey became impracticable.

When this party came up in September, 1831, to make their improvement, Mr. Matthew Melton brought his daughter Marissa,

*Christopher E. Yates claims to have come to Round Prairie in 1829 with a view to locating here, and to have digged a well and commenced the building of a cabin on what is now Mrs. Holton's place; but finding that he was upon “Patent” land, instead of that open to pre-emption, he abandoned the location and settled near the place now occupied by the town of Augusta.

—who was soon afterwards married to Mr. Ezekiel Boman—as cook and company for the party—the *first white woman* known to have visited Round Prairie with a view to settlement here.

The winter following, Mr. Brommel Sapp and Mr. David Manlove came into Birmingham township, made claims and commenced improving them. Mr. Sapp built upon the place occupied by himself until his death, and now occupied by his son S. Riley Sapp. Mr. Manlove built upon the place now known as the Hipple farm. In April, 1832, Mr. Sapp moved his family from Rushville, where they had wintered, to their new home, *the first family permanently located* within the boundaries of Round Prairie. They were followed, within about two weeks, by the family of Mr. Manlove.

The *Melton party*, who made the *first improvements* in the fall of '31, were originally from *Tennessee*, Morgan county having been their home for about two years previous to their settlement here. The *Sapp* and *Manlove* party were from North Carolina.

These pioneers found this a land *flowing with honey*, ready at hand on their arrival. The Melton party, while hunting for a “board tree,” on Flour Creek, near where

the railroad now crosses, found half-a-dozen *bee-trees* near together, whose sweet stores were speedily "confiscated," and a barrel of the spoils carried back with them to Morgan county. The Sapp and Manlove party found similar stores awaiting them. On one of their occasional visits to their families in Rushville, during the winter they were building their cabins, Mr. Sapp determined to treat his family with some of the sweet supplies his chosen home afforded, and for want of better facilities, some of the choicest honey-comb was carefully stowed into a sack and laid across his horse; and although as much care was given to its safe transportation as modern express companies are wont to bestow upon frail goods, the package became sadly demoralized, and a considerable portion of the contents spread upon the sides of the horse and pantaloons of the rider: the effort, however, proved a partial success, as a portion was carried safely through to its destination.

In the spring of 1832, another little party of Tennesseans arrived. Mr. William Edwards, finding the Melton cabin unoccupied, took temporary possession of it with his family, and then made a claim and began to improve the present Swicegood place, build-

ing near the timber, south of the present residence.

Mr. Edward Wade, as we have already stated in connection with the history of Flour Creek, located temporarily on the Augusta Prairie, and in the fall permanently upon his claim near James G. King's present residence. In company with these two, Mr. Samuel Haggard and his son-in-law George Saddler came as far as the old Fonda place, east of Augusta, where they remained perhaps two or three years, and then removed, the former to the place occupied by him until his death, and now owned by his son-in-law, Barney Eidson — the latter, Saddler, to the Lawrence place.

During the season, two other families settled in Round Prairie, east of the "Round Top" school house. Wm. Emerick on the Bodenhamer Manlove place, and Thomas Ratliffe on the Griffith place. In October, '32, the Melton party returned to occupy their claims, and with them Mr. Ezekiel Boman, who had married Miss Marissa Melton since her visit to Round Prairie the year previous. As soon as practicable, cabins were put up on the Trammel claim, now the Madison place, and on Boman's, occupied by him until his death, and now by Elias Wade.

In 1833, material additions were made to the population of Round Prairie. The following list is supposed to be nearly, if not quite, full and correct, of the families who came that year, and of their location at that time; but the order of their arrival, as to time, cannot be given:

Mr. Manlove Wheeler located on what is now N. F. Burton's place. Henry Wheeler where Mr. Whipple now is. Paris Wheeler where James G. King now is. Wm. Pickett on the David Smith place. Jonathan Tharp on the Fielding place. James Edwards where B. F. Edwards now is. Isaac Pidgeon where the Hall brothers now are. Solomon Stanley on the L. A. Cook place. James Clark on the Thomas Talbot place. Jesse Buzan on the William Edwards place. Dr. Blackburn on the east half of the same quarter. John Poole where Dr. King now is. Able Friend where Mr. Klepper now is, and Orville Sherrill where L. G. Reid now is.

CHAPTER IV.

Following nearly the chronological order of events, with important or interesting incidents, as well as with historical items, this

may be as suitable a place as any in which to introduce some big snake stories.

One bright spring day in 1833, Mr. Ezekiel Boman, who but a short time before had become the happy father of his first-born child — now Mrs. Walty — started out with his infant in his arms, for a walk. Led, perhaps, by that intuitive love for nature in her wilder forms, so common in the human breast, he found himself presently at Cedar Bluff. Here his wandering steps were suddenly arrested by an ominous rattle and coiled form, that man never meets unexpectedly without being startled.

Unarmed for fight, his first impulse was to seek a place of temporary safety for his precious luggage, and then a weapon, of stick or stone, for the attack, but as he turned, another met his gaze, and then another, and another. In fact, he could *see snakes* all around him, without the aid now required, of numerous *glasses* — of *strychnine whisky*. Picking his way cautiously out of the enemy's encampment, the attack was deferred until reinforcements could be brought up. Returning with two of his brothers-in-law, Allen and Henry Melton, the slaughter began. The enemy proved

to be strongly intrenched within the rocky ledge; their "*den*" was inaccessible; but by frequent raids during that season and part of the next, surprising and killing them as they ventured out of the den, *over 600 rattlesnakes* were killed by these parties at that locality.

Near the same time, Mr. Bromel Sapp and Mr. David Manlove, while out one afternoon, came upon a similar den in a ravine north of Manlove's place — now the Hipple farm — and in a single attack, 350 of the reptiles were slaughtered.

These and other parties repeated the attacks upon that stronghold at various times, until, as the "oldest inhabitant" (A. Melton) affirms, over 1,100 snakes had been killed.

During one of these attacks, an incident occurred that would have furnished a fine subject for Nast's pencil, if he had been on the field at that time. In removing some of the rocks under which the snakes were concealed, a rail was used as a lever. Upon the end of this, projecting to the edge of the steep bluff, was perched the long, lank form of Mr. Bromel Sapp. Swaying upon the rail with all his force, in order to raise the

rock, he underestimated his own weight, or overestimated the strength of the rail—it broke, and down he went, headlong, over and over, to the bottom of the bluff, among the hundreds of lifeless bodies of his slaughtered foes. And that was how the snakes got him.

A coincidence is worth noticing here that may throw some light upon the subject of Indian customs. We have spoken of one of the Indian settlements in our vicinity being at Birmingham. To be more exact in its location—instead of being on the site of the village, it was a little above, at the point where the ravine enters Crooked Creek, and near the location of the great snake den just mentioned. Another of the Indian villages, it will be remembered, was located at the Cedar Bluff snake den. The only remarks we venture upon this coincidence are, that “somebody” says that rattlesnake meat is a choice luxury to the palate of the Indian epicure—and further, that, if this be true (we do not vouch for it), these villages were located with a nice discrimination as to convenience to a good supply of one of the luxuries of Indian life. We drop the farther consideration of these incidents with pleasure—glad to escape the thought

of what might have been, had those *1700 rattlesnakes* been allowed to live and propagate, through all these forty years, in such a limited territory as Round Prairie.

CHAPTER V.

It might not be expedient to turn the thread of our historical narrative too abruptly into another channel; and as we have noticed a successful onslaught upon the beastly representatives of satan's power, we turn now to notice the first organized attack, within our bounds, upon his spiritual kingdom in the hearts of men. This battle, as yet, seems less decisive, but its successful result is fully assured.

Here, as almost everywhere, our Methodist brethren were found at the front -- their picket line close upon the footsteps of the first settlers. The first preaching service known to have been held on Round Prairie, was at the house of Mr. Wm. Edwards, on the farm now owned by Frank Swicegood -- the building then standing in the edge of the timber, nearly south of the present residence. The preacher was Rev. Henry Somers, of the Rushville Circuit, whose

nearest appointments, at that time, were at Mr. C. Oliver's, at Pulaski, and at Mr. — Archer's, at Middletown.

This was near the close of the conference year, in the fall of 1833. Soon after, a class was formed at the same place, consisting of Mr. Wm. Edwards and his wife, Mr. Edward Wade and his wife, and a Mr. Phillips and wife. During the conference year of '33 and '34, this class was supplied with preaching every two weeks by Rev. Peter Boring. Mr. Edward Wade was appointed class-leader. It is thought that no record exists of the earlier additions to this class. Mr. Wade and his wife still live—active members of the M. E. Church in Plymouth.

While there was occasional preaching within the bounds of the prairie, by the Baptists, and perhaps some others, no regular preaching was maintained by other denominations until the fall of 1835. In the spring of 1835 the Sunday school work in Round Prairie commenced in the house, and by the family, of Mr. Samuel King, at the place now occupied by his son James G. King. Soon after the opening of this school, its working force was strengthened by the addition of the family of Mr. Robert Hall. Later in the season this school was

moved from Mr. King's house to a blacksmith's shop on the place of Mr. Manlove Wheeler, now owned by Mr. N. F. Burton — the shop standing in the grove near the present residence. The school continued at that place during the summer and early fall. Whatever this primitive Sunday school may have lacked in modern appliances and model methods, a single incident may be introduced here to show that it did not suffer, as do so many of our modern ones, from lack of zeal and earnestness in attendance upon its sessions.

Those who are familiar with the ground about Mr. Burton's grove know that a considerable ravine runs upon the south and southeast sides, and also one upon the north and northeast sides, and that after heavy rains streams of sufficient size are found in them to have proved a serious obstacle to foot travelers at a time when bridges had not yet been built. Under just such circumstances as we have stated, our friend James G. King, in company with his sisters and other lady friends, approached the place of meeting, one day, only to find the ravine utterly impracticable for the ladies to cross. But the "Colonel" had set out to escort his company to Sunday school and was not to

be foiled; his strategy was equal to the emergency. Throwing off his boots, and rolling up his pantaloons, he took the ladies in his arms, one by one, and carried them safely over the stream. Forty years of service, since that day, in the Sunday school work, has but little, if any, abated his zeal in the cause. We may add, as a sequel to the above incident, that one of the ladies the "Col." carried over the stream, clings to him still, as they journey on, helping each other over the hard places, and enjoying together the smoother ones across the changing stream of time.

We pause here a moment, in this account of the religious history of Round Prairie, to notice an event or two that have had an important bearing upon our history.

During the summer of 1835, the government land sales occurred, resulting in many changes and in considerable additions to the population of the neighborhood. A number of those who came earlier, and occupied their premises by *pre-emption*, were without means to pay the amount demanded by the government for their lands, and were glad to sell their "claims" and "improvements," and obtain in this way the means to "enter" a new lot upon which

to build up a new home. Among the new arrivals during the fall of this season were several families from New England, forming the nucleus of a society distinct from that already here. These New England families were scarcely settled in their new locations until they began to cast about for the establishment of religious services of their own preference, and in October, Rev. William Kirby, of Mendon, commenced an engagement to supply them with preaching once a month for one year. For three months these services were held, sometimes at the house of Mr. Burton, and sometimes at the house of Mr. Terrell, who had bought out and now occupied the Melton claim, south of Plymouth. About the close of the year, an addition to the cabin occupied by Capt. Norman Hart, on the west side of Squire Burton's place, had been completed, making it the most commodious building in the neighborhood for meetings, and to it they were transferred and continued for a considerable time. At this place—now Mr. Edward Whipple's—a few rods south of the present residence, the "*Congregational Church of Round Prairie*" was organized, January 6th, 1836, comprising the following members: viz., Mr. Nathan Burton and his

wife Sarah F., with their children Nathan F., Rebecca B., Daniel W., and Nancy A.; Mr David Adkins and his wife Asenath; Mr. Benjamin Terrell and his wife Electa, with their daughters Maria and Mary M.; Mr. Samuel Kasson and his wife Almira; Mr. Lamarcus A. Cook and his wife Marietta—received by letter,—sixteen; Mr. Henry F. Burton, Charles Terrell, A. C. Adkins, Norman Hart, Miss Martha Cook, Rosetta Cook, and Lydia B. Adkins—received upon profession of their faith,—seven. Total original membership, twenty-three. Of these, fourteen are still living, June, 1875; eight of them still resident members, and have been so continuously, or nearly so, from the organization of the church. A ninth has recently become a resident again, but has not resumed membership. Of the surviving absent ones, we may note, that Mr. Daniel W. Burton is now, and for some years past has been, in Africa as a missionary of the American Missionary Association. Mrs. Rev. George Thompson (Martha Cook) was with her husband for several years in the same field—was driven from it by ill health, and is now in a Home Missionary field in northern Michigan. Mr. Norman Hart resides near Fort Dodge, Iowa; Charles Terrell, M. D.,

West Geneva, Michigan; Mrs. Lydia B. Wilson (Adkins), in Cambridge, Henry Co., Illinois. Mrs. Mary M. Reynard (Terrell) has recently returned to Plymouth. She, with her husband, Rev. John Reynard, deceased—a Presbyterian clergyman—were for many years residents of Shullsburg, Wis. After her husband's death she resided for a time with her family in Dixon, Illinois, and now again has taken up her abode amid the scenes of her earlier western life.

CHAPTER VI.

We arrest temporarily the chronological order of our narrative, that we may go back and pick up some threads of our story that need to be woven in somewhere, and as well here, perhaps, as elsewhere. The "Bread and Butter" question is always one of great practical importance. In its application to our early settlers, perhaps it might be stated with more literal accuracy as the "Hog and Hominy" question.

Those who came first, in 1831-2, from Morgan County, and from Rushville, brought temporary supplies with them, of flour, bacon, etc., and found here at hand, to be had

for even moderate skill in hunting, game in variety and great abundance; and also, as we have stated before, abundant supplies of honey.

Rushville, Beardstown and Quincy were the nearest points at which the supplies of "breadstuffs" and "store goods" could be replenished. The necessary trips in obtaining these supplies were often made under great difficulty on account of bad roads and lack of bridges. The construction of a rude "corn cracker" at Brooklyn in 1832, in connection with a saw-mill, contributed somewhat to the solution of the hominy question. Hand-mills were made and used in the manufacture of flour and meal, that in construction and results would have done credit to Bible lands and Bible times of two to three thousand years ago. The remnants of one of these mills may still be seen on the premises of Mr. N. F. Burton, and possibly at other places in the neighborhood. Our young Bible students might get from this, with a little explanation, a very fair idea of the machine alluded to, in the following passage, and others: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken, and the other left."—Mat. xxiv. 41.

Milling facilities were materially improved

in 1834 by the introduction of a pair of burrs and a bolt into the mill at Brooklyn, by means of which a fair article of flour could be produced when there was sufficient water to drive the rude machinery ; but this element of power was an uncertain quantity then, as now.

A still further advance was made in 1835-'36, in the erection of the mill at Birmingham, by Messrs. Graham and Wilson.

Pages might be filled with incidents of hardship and privations, if not of actual suffering, during the first few years of our history, but it is not our purpose to spread out such details. Game, if plenty outside, was not always so inside the dwelling ; and some of our ladies can tell, with earnest feeling, how thankful they were to have even a dish of "mush" to set before their families and such guests as might be present to share their hospitalities. And others can tell of living for days upon beans freshly gathered from the field and cooked with such meal as could be sifted out from wheat bran, while the head of the household was away to obtain additional supplies. Such pictures are not cheerful enough to promote digestion as we sit around our well-filled tables, and we turn from them, to say that the question

of "store goods" at that time was one of far less practical importance than the "hominny" question.

Store hair, patent humps, false complexions (or the means to make them so), and numberless and nameless other traps and appliances that go to make up the modern lady, and are furnished to order by the modern merchant, were not greatly in demand at the time of which we write. Thrifty mothers and daughters were well clad in warm flannels and stout linseys of their own make, while fathers and brothers rejoiced in substantial homespun of the same manufacture. Stores at the distance of thirty or forty miles from one's home, undoubtedly has a tendency to simplify one's wants.

Our first settlers could hardly be classed as a literary people, and had they been, their taste in that line would have been gratified only under difficulties. Until May, 1834, Rushville was the nearest post office, and as most of our settlers at that time had come by way of Rushville, they naturally gravitated that way for such facilities as surrounding towns afforded. At the date just named, a post office was established in Augusta. This brought communication

with distant friends and the outside world generally, quite within convenient reach.

Of schools, in these early times of our history, there is little to be said. Foundations were laid, however, upon which a goodly structure has grown up, of which we now enjoy the benefits. There being but little public funds from which to draw in their support, schools could only be maintained by "*subscription.*" Such a school was "*kept,*" or "*taught*"—which is the proper word to use in this case, we have been unable to learn—by Mr. James A. Bell, of North Carolina, in the fall of 1834. The cabin used as a school house had been built for a residence, and vacated by the death of its occupant, Mr. Wm. Manlove. It stood perhaps a quarter of a mile north, and a little east, of the edifice usually, but very inappropriately, called "The Round Top." After being used one term in this location, it was taken down and moved to the west side of the grove, northwest from and near the residence of Mr. Solomon Twidwell. Here it did service for the public some years as a school house, a place for Sunday schools, and occasionally for other religious services.

CHAPTER VII.

We have now reached a point in our history that marks a new departure. So far no center had been fixed upon, around which the present and future business of the neighborhood, with its public, religious, literary, or other institutions, should eventually crystallize.

Such a center was established January 12th—19th, 1836, by the survey and staking out of the town of Plymouth in the center of section 36, township 4 N., 5 W., James Brattle, surveyor.

Other similar enterprises had begun to incubate in fertile brains, for other localities within our bounds, one of which we shall find coming to the surface presently, but the site chosen for Plymouth fairly got the start and won the race.

The proprietors of the town were John W. Crocket, James Clark, Benjamin Terrell and Lamarcus A. Cook. The two latter were from Plymouth, Connecticut, hence the name of our town. Clark and Crocket were from Kentucky—the latter a near relative of Colonel David Crocket, noted as a hero in the Texan war of independence, and

whose great exploits as a hunter have been spread far and wide through the pages of a comic almanac bearing his name. The parties named above had succeeded to the ownership of their various premises, the original pre-emptors, as follows: viz., J. W. Crocket succeeded Allen Melton in the ownership of the N. E. quarter of the section; James Clark succeeded John Trammel in that of the N. W. quarter; Benjamin Terrell, in the claim of Matthew Melton to the S. W. quarter, and L. A. Cook to that of Solomon Stanley to the S. E. quarter. From each of these premises twelve acres and a half were set apart—fifty acres in all—for the town plat, and was laid out into lots, with the necessary streets, etc. The location was a good one, occupying a fine ridge of land, marred only by its proximity to an unsightly frog-pond in the locality now occupied by the depot, which remained until it was drained by the building of the railroad. Lots were sold and the work of building up a town commenced at once. Sevier Tadlock led off in the building enterprise by the erection of a house on the west side of block 10, lot 6, corner of Franklin street and Public Square—the lot now occupied by M. D. Gillis.

This building was ready for use in the spring of 1836, and answered the triple purpose of dwelling, hotel and store. Benjamin Whittaker had anticipated the completion of the store room somewhat, and brought a stock of goods that were stored for a time in a shanty on the next corner north — corner Franklin and Winter streets. These were moved into Tadlock's building as soon as it was ready for use. During the summer, Jesse Buzan built on block 9, lot 9 — corner W. Main and Public Square — the lot now occupied by Albert Walty. To one of the rooms of this building, when completed, Whittaker removed his store.

Another store was opened during the season, on the same block, lot 7, north of Buzan's, in a cabin on the premises now occupied by Bidwell Bros. & Boman. This was owned by one Vanest and run by an eccentric religionist who was so "fervent in spirit" that he often forgot to be "diligent in business," and would go off sometimes for a whole day, leaving the store open and unattended, while he was engaged in "serving the Lord" by visitation and conversation with the people.

A cabinet shop was added to the industrial enterprises of the town this season,

also, by Carroll O'Neil. His building was located on the east side of the square—block 15, lot 2, now occupied by Miller & Metzgar's hardware store. In this shop the *Plymouth post-office* was first opened in the fall of 1836—Carroll O'Neil, post-master.

Among the other improvements of the town in this first year of its history, were the residences of Jesse W. Bell, on block 11, lots 1 and 2, and of John W. Crocket, on block 12, lot 6—the latter now occupied by N. H. Grafton; (and also of Benjamin Terrell, on block 16, lot 6) now the premises of Mr. Terry. Late in the season a *public school building* was put up on block 11. For about fifteen years this building served the town as its only school house, place for public religious worship, and the general purposes of a town hall. The first school in this building was taught by Rev. William King in the winter following its erection. The next by Charles Terrell, the following summer.

We may pause here in this running record of material progress to notice the planting of a germ that, notwithstanding a life of weakness and poverty, has become one of the prominent moral forces that have been brought to bear upon the people of

Plymouth: we refer to the organization of the *Presbyterian Church of Plymouth*. This occurred November 19th, 1836. The meeting was held in Buzan's house on the west side of the square. Rev. Reuben McCoy, of Clayton, was present to assist in the organization, which comprised the following original membership: viz., Mary King, Sr.; Samuel King and Martha King, his wife; Maria Clark, Martha Buzan, Robert Hall and Ann Hall, his wife; Louisa Crocket, Louisa Bell, John M. King and his wife Rebecca E., and their daughter Margaret A. King.

Samuel King and John M. King were elected elders. Rev. William M. King was employed as stated supply, and his name appears on the records as moderator of the session until 1843, during which time forty-seven additional members were added to the rolls of the church. During a portion of this time the meetings of the church were held in the school house to which reference has already been made.

CHAPTER VIII.

The growth of Plymouth in 1837 was not large, but some notes may be made marking progress. A building was put up on the west side of the square, block 16, lot 2—where Bybee & Terry now are—in the winter of '36 and '37, for Isaac Smith. About this time the Buzan building was burned out, involving Whittaker's store, which was then re-established in the building just referred to. The Buzan building was rebuilt during the following summer.

Two other business establishments were opened up early in '37: one by Samuel Doyle, in the Tadlock building; the other by Thomas Deane, on block 17, where the Presbyterian Church now stands, both of which included, with other merchandise, stocks of liquors. Doyle afterwards bought and occupied the Buzan building. Among the new-comers for this year were two young men whose career has left a lasting impression on the community in which they located. One of these, H. P. Griswold, M. D., made his home, for a time, with Mr. Hubbard, on Round Prairie, about a mile south of east from Plymouth; but after his mar-

riage, located and built in Plymouth, on block 15, corner of East Main street and the Public Square.

During a period of thirteen or fourteen years of a large and successful practice in his profession, he endeared himself to the large community in which he labored, and in the meantime secured a competence, upon which he retired from our midst to the more quiet life of an agriculturist and horticulturist, locating in Wythe township, near Warsaw, and afterwards removing to Oakwood, where he still resides.

The other young man referred to above — William M. King, Esq.—is growing old among us in the prosecution of the longest term of business enterprise of any one in our history. He built, and established himself in business on the south side of the square, on block 15, lot 8; commencing as a harness maker, and changing afterwards to general merchandise, has prosecuted the latter continuously and successfully up to the present time; and now, in connection with his sons, upon a larger scale than ever before. Quiet and retiring in manner, he has never sought position, yet his townsmen have honored him with public trusts and responsibilities through nearly the whole of

his life among them, his name having ever been a synonym for sterling integrity of character.

On the 4th of July, 1837, the *patriotism* of Plymouth cropped out largely, manifesting itself in the form of a "regular old-fashioned southern *barbecue*." Some of our readers may wish to know more definitely what this may have meant; so we attempt a brief description. In a general way it meant a free dinner to all who would come to partake of it, and free drinks to the thirsty from the best wells of Plymouth. The liquor shops were closed on that occasion by previous agreement between the dealers and the committee in charge of the entertainment.

More accurately a barbecue refers to the style of cookery adopted in preparing the meats for the dinner. Mr. Allen Melton, chief manager on this occasion, says that in the street just east of Mr. A. Walty's place a trench was dug, large enough, that when thoroughly heated, served as an oven over which one whole beef, two hogs and two sheep were cooked at once. The process of roasting commenced about midnight and continued until the dinner hour. A table over 100 feet in length was prepared on the

square, upon which the dinner was spread and partaken of by perhaps 500 or 600 persons. Sidney A. Little, Esq., of Carthage, was the orator of the day. The expenses of the entertainment were expected to have been met by the contributions of the citizens, and were so met in part, and "Uncle Allen" generously pocketed the deficiency (?), twenty odd dollars, and turned the remnants of the dinner over to Tadlock, at whose hotel the day closed with a grand 4th of July ball, the guests being served with refreshments from the above stock at twenty-five cents per head.

During this season an effort was made to build up a rival town on Round Prairie, about a mile from Plymouth, on the place of Mr. Sullivan Searle. A few buildings were put up; one of them still remains on the original site, nearly opposite the residence of Deacon Searle; another stood for many years a little east from this; another was moved to the east line of the place, and still remains near the place of Mr. George Collins; and still another was moved half a mile away, to the place now owned by Mr. Jeffries.

This nameless town—outsiders called it "Yankee Town," a name that adheres to the

locality still—did not survive the pressure of the few succeeding years; and this historical statement concerning it, would be of little importance, except that it reveals one of the leading causes that led to the building of the first place of worship for the Congregational Church at a point so distant from Plymouth as practically to lose much of its power as a moral force upon the town. This church was built upon the site of the proposed town, nearly opposite Deacon Searles' residence, and after the abandonment of the town enterprise, was moved to the east line of the place, just at the corner where the road turns south.

Its location here was central and convenient to the membership of the church, and Plymouth was of such small proportions at that time, that the error in location did not appear prominently until the increasing importance of Plymouth brought it more clearly to view, and then, seventeen years later, it was remedied, so far as might be, by rebuilding in Plymouth.

Having previously noticed the organization of the Congregational Church of Round Prairie, the building of the first house of worship, in the fall of 1837, for this society, marks an important era in our history.

location has just been noticed; its size was 22 by 28 feet—ample for the society then and for a number of years afterwards.

After serving its time in a public capacity, it was removed to Plymouth and converted into a private dwelling, and is doing good service as such yet. The “Old Church” of 1837, standing, as it does, in the rear of, and next to, the “New Church” of 1854, the contrast in the two marks plainly material progress made in this interval of time.

The Congregational Church building of 1837 makes a convenient landmark from which to survey the religious history of the community for a considerable period of time. Following Rev. William Kirby's labors in 1835–36, Rev. Anson Hubbard served the Congregational Church as stated supply temporarily. One G. C. Sampson*—at this time a resident of Plymouth, by turns lawyer, teacher and preacher—devoted a portion of his time while here to

*The legend prevails quite generally hereabouts, that the Rev. Sampson, Esq., was responsible for the introduction and dissemination, as a choice variety of *onion*, of the *Indian Mallow*, known to botanists as *Abutilon Avicennæ* or *Sida Abutilon* according to Linnæus.

Although there is no proof upon which to base the legend, and the gentleman himself says of it, “The story made a good joke, but lacked entirely the essential element of truthfulness,” the historical fact remains that the plant is generally known in this vicinity as *Sampson's Onion*.

the profession last named, and for a time served the church as pastor.

The records of the church note next the services of Rev. Kent Hawley as supply for three months of the year 1839; Rev. C. E. Murdock in 1840; and of Revs. Williams and Austin during 1841-42. This record for 1837-42 inclusive, runs parallel with the term of service rendered by Rev. William King for the Presbyterian Church of Plymouth; and at times during this term, the two streams of influence—one from the town, the other from the country—converged and intermingled. After the school house was built in Plymouth, and previous to the completion of the Congregational Church, the two societies frequently met and worshiped together in the school house. The services of the Presbyterian Church were irregular at the school house, for the reason that it was open to other preaching, and frequently so used; so that after the building of the Congregational Church, the Plymouth society more frequently met with them. During a portion of Rev. William King's labors, he served both societies jointly at the Congregational Church. The records of neither society show any pastoral labor for 1843. Rev. William C. Rankin

preached at the Congregational Church in 1844. At the close of this year a joint arrangement was made, by the two societies, with Rev. Milton Kimball, of Augusta, by which he served both at the Congregational Church. This arrangement continued until in 1850.

The beginning of the Sunday school work has been noticed in the record for 1835.

The New England families who came that fall took hold of the work they found thus begun, and labored earnestly in its prosecution, and afterwards for a time in its extension to surrounding neighborhoods.

The Sunday school that had been inaugurated by Samuel King and family, and held in the Manlove-Wheeler blacksmith shop, at the Burton grove, soon after fell more especially under the management of 'Squire Burton's family and their associates of the Congregational Church; and without very material interruption of its line of succession, has followed the history of that church in its location, its work, and its influence, down to the present day. From that as a centre, Sunday school mission work of more or less importance has radiated in various directions. As more intimately connected with it in point of time, we may mention a

Sunday school conducted by Mr. Asahel Hubbard, at Able Friend's house, in the northeast part of the neighborhood—now Mr. John Smith's place. In those days there lived a "mighty hunter" in that vicinity, who found but little time for his favorite sport, except upon the Sabbath. He was often invited and urged to attend the Sunday school, but found a ready excuse in the pressing demands of the chase. It was often his delight, with gun and dogs, to precede the superintendent on his way to Sunday school, and make the day hideous with his yelping hounds and occasional discharges of his gun; but the mighty hunter was himself hunted, by the spirit of grace in answer to prayer, and wounded by a guilty conscience, and finally brought in humble submission into the fold. Entering upon a better life, for twenty years of his subsequent history he was personally engaged in Sunday school mission work as superintendent, in his own and various surrounding neighborhoods.

We notice another mission school, conducted by Mr. N. F. Burton and Mr. A. C. Adkins, south of Round Prairie, on "Nubbin Ridge," and another in the "Rice Settlement," northeast, conducted by Messrs. N.

F. Burton and Charles Terrell. To the latter gentleman this work undoubtedly proved a labor of *love* in more than one respect, as it was there he found a wife.

Still another Sunday school was held for a time in the school house near Mr. Solomon Twidwell's, conducted by members of Mr. Samuel King's family. Also, during a portion of Rev. William King's ministry in Plymouth, a Sunday school was held in the school house in Plymouth in connection with his services; and during the same period, Mr. King preached occasionally near Birmingham, sometimes at the Lansden place and sometimes at the adjoining Manlove place, and sometimes at Mr. William Irwin's, west of Plymouth. In connection with both these appointments, Sunday schools were held, the one at Birmingham conducted by Mr. Samuel King, and afterwards by his son, James G. King, or perhaps by his brother Carr. The one west of Plymouth was conducted by Mr. William Irwin and Mr. Emsley Jackson, and afterwards by Mr. G. A. Gaylord. We cannot now fix the date of these various efforts in Sunday school work definitely, but may say that their beginnings may be placed somewhere between 1837 and 1843 inclusive. It

is doubtful if any of these mission enterprises have had a continuous existence since their organization, but most of them have maintained a somewhat broken line of succession, and they are noted as moral influences radiating from Round Prairie and Plymouth, that are worthy of record here.

During the summer of 1837, Rev. Albert Hale, of Springfield, who was out on a prospecting tour in the interest of missions; Rev. — Lippincott, of Jacksonville, on a similar tour in the interest of Sunday schools; and Rev. William Carter, afterwards of Pittsfield, then prospecting with a view to a permanent settlement, met incidentally — or, more properly, providentially — on Round Prairie, and at once commenced a series of meetings that were held in Mr. Burton's barn that had been lately raised, but on account of delay in getting lumber, was yet uninclosed. These meetings continued about two weeks, and resulted in material accessions to the church.

We notice here a similar meeting held by the Methodist brethren, in the spring of 1841, at Mr. Byrd Smith's place — now Mr. William Holton's. The residence then was south of the present one, on the ridge, and near the east line of the place. Rev. Will-

iam Royal was the preacher in charge at that time, but his duties on the circuit were such that he could only be at this meeting at his regular appointments.

This work was commenced by two young men from the Mission Institute in Quincy, Elias Kirkland and George Thompson, and carried on mainly by the following local preachers: Rev. Henry Bell, Rev. Solomon Pendarvis, and Rev. George Jackson. This is noted as the first general revival in the history of the M. E. Church on Round Prairie; and perhaps the most notable incident connected with it was the conversion of the "mighty hunter" to whom allusion has been made, and who stands foremost among the notable characters of our history.

CHAPTER IX.

The period of which we now write was an eventful one. A wave of speculative excitement, and of apparent prosperity, had swept over the whole State. A gigantic system of internal improvements had just been projected, embracing many of the more important lines of railroad built within the State

since 1850, together with the completion of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and numerous river improvements; building towns—on paper, and otherwise—was a prominent feature in the speculative fever. Town lots were one of the most important items of merchandise in home and eastern markets; paper money, ground out of a State bank mill, without substantial basis, was plenty; the flood tide of speculation was reached. In the midst of this excitement, Plymouth was born and passed the first year of its history. It seemed healthy and promising; its parents and friends had high hopes of its rapid growth and strong manhood, but unfortunately, “great expectations” concerning it were not realized.

A COLLAPSE.

A change came over the spirit of men's dreams; times changed; with 1837 a financial crisis swept over the whole country; banks suspended; internal improvements could not be carried on; our State system collapsed so completely, that for a dozen years private enterprise did not undertake the work the State had wrecked so thoroughly; the State Bank, bolstered up, in a suspended condition, by State bonds for a

time, succumbed in a few years, and went "to the dogs;" speculation generally was thoroughly checked. Under such circumstances, and in such a financial atmosphere, Plymouth entered its second year of life; that it lived through, and bore what soon followed, is conclusive proof of a vigorous constitution. The young town staggered along under these adverse influences for two or three years, and then the *Mormon blight* fell upon it, in common with the whole county.

THE MORMONS

came into the county and located in Nauvoo in 1839-40. They were driven out in 1846. During this time they managed to inflict incalculable damage upon all the communities that came within the range of their influence and depredations. It is not our purpose to enter upon a general history of Mormonism, yet some general facts concerning them are necessary to explain the blighting influence they exerted upon our community and others, to show why the citizens became so exasperated against them, and to lead the way to some incidents concerning them, in our local history, that we think will be of interest to our readers.

For such general facts as we give, we are indebted mainly to Ford's History of Illinois.

As the sacred books of a people have much to do with the formation of their principles and character, we notice, first, the origin of the so-called MORMON BIBLE, or BOOK OF MORMON. Good Mormons are expected to believe its origin to be as follows, viz: that their prophet, Joseph Smith, under the direction of an angel, found, near Palmyra, New York, a stone box containing golden plates, like sheets of tin, on which were inscribed, in strange hieroglyphic characters, the records which, when translated, formed the Book of Mormon. The prophet was enabled to translate these records by direct revelation, aided by a pair of spectacles formed of two transparent stones, found in the stone box containing the golden plates—all of which story is confirmed to the satisfaction of the faithful, by the testimony of a few of the prophet's most admiring followers—none others, of course, would be permitted to meddle with or behold such sacred mysteries.

Gentile unbelievers in Mormonism have a way of accounting for the origin of the Mormon Bible that strips it of all this beautiful romance and miracle, and brings it

down, from the high plane of revelation, to the low level of a religious novel. The story is this: that Sidney Rigdon, one of Smith's earliest associates in establishing Mormonism, manufactured the Book of Mormon from a religious romance on the ten lost tribes of Israel, written by a Presbyterian clergyman of Ohio. We do not attempt to prove that either horn of the dilemma is the true one, but leave our readers to take their choice.

We notice, in the second place, a great moral principle drawn from the above source—*or a better one*—viz., that “The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.” In deciding the probabilities of the real origin of this important proposition, the reader is referred to Psalms, xxiv. 1. We do not stop to discuss the question, but proceed at once to state, thirdly, a remarkable claim founded upon the principle stated—a claim which their gentile neighbors think led the Mormons into great immoralities in their practice. The claim was substantially this: The Mormons being the peculiar chosen people of the Lord, had, in consequence of this relation, full right to all the “fullness of the earth” that they desired, or that might be made to contribute in any way to their wants, their comfort, or their

happiness. In other words, gentiles "had no rights that Mormons were bound to respect." The enforcement of such claims naturally led to unpleasant relations between the Mormons and their gentile neighbors, of which more hereafter. We notice,

Fourthly, some remarkable powers conferred by the legislature of Illinois, in the charter of Nauvoo, giving the Mormons a *legal right* to enforce such claims as we have stated above, and virtually making them independent of all laws, except such as they chose to enact and enforce.

It seems incredible that any legislature outside of a lunatic asylum should confer such powers upon any community; and its explanation brings to light one of the curiosities of political log-rolling. An exciting election was at hand; the parties were evenly divided, and both were anxious to secure the Mormon vote. The Mormons saw their opportunity, and made good use of it; they fixed their charter to suit themselves, and sent a shrewd agent to Springfield with it, who found both parties only too ready to favor any claims the Mormons might present, on condition of receiving the Mormon vote; and with the expectation of getting such vote, each party vied with the

other in hurrying the measure through. The result was, this remarkable charter passed both houses of the legislature without any opposition; the ayes and noes were not even called for.

In many respects this document was purposely ambiguous; but the only visible legal limits to the powers conferred, were the constitution of the United States and of this State. That it was construed by the Mormons as giving them power to disregard the *laws of the State*, is sufficiently proved by the following provisions of a city ordinance passed under the provisions of their charter.

We quote as follows: "No writ issued from any other place than Nauvoo, for the arrest of any one in it, should be executed in the city, without an approval endorsed thereon by the mayor; that if any public officer, by virtue of any foreign writ, should attempt to make an arrest in the city without such approval of his power, he should be subject to imprisonment for life; and that the Governor of the State should not have the power of pardoning the offender, without the consent of the mayor."

Joe Smith was elected mayor of the city; was also judge of the municipal court which

had charge of the execution of their laws and ordinances. By securing to himself such legal positions as he desired, and by his personal influence over his followers, he was in fact absolutely supreme in the management of all Mormon affairs.

To enable the Mormons to supplement their extraordinary legal powers by adequate military power, we notice,

Fifthly, the *Nauvoo Legion*, a military force 2,000 strong, chartered by the State and furnished with State arms, yet independent of any State control, except by the Governor. Of this force Joe Smith was commander-in-chief.

But one other element was needed to furnish an absolute despotism, with everything necessary to make a system of terrorism perfect. That was supplied in a secret organization known as the *Danite Band*. Of this order Ford says, "It was asserted that Joe Smith . . . had embodied a band of his followers, called 'Danites,' who were sworn to obey him as God, and to do his commands, murder and treason not excepted; that he had instituted an order in the church, whereby those who composed it were pretended to be sealed up to eternal life against all crimes, except shedding innocent blood,

and that no blood was innocent, except that of the members of the church . . . that with this power in the hands of an unscrupulous leader, there was no safety for the lives or property of any one who should oppose him."

The question may arise, were the Mormons numerous enough to embolden them to attempt the exercise of any of their remarkable powers, or to exert a terrorism of any consequence upon the citizens of the county generally? We reply that the entire Mormon population of Hancock county—the city of Nauvoo inclusive—was estimated, in 1842, at 16,000, and of the city of Nauvoo alone, which fluctuated greatly, at 12,000 to 15,000. There were also several thousands of them in the adjoining counties. More than half the population of Plymouth, at one time, was Mormons—probably 150 or more in number. Among them were two brothers of the prophet, William and Samuel Smith; also a sister of the Smiths, Mrs. Saulsbury, and a brother-in-law of William Smith, G. D. Grant.

William Smith succeeded Tadlock in the ownership of the hotel property—the premises now occupied by M. D. Gillis—which soon became known, in popular parlance, as

the "Mormon Hotel." The prophet himself came down occasionally and stopped with his friends, and it is said by those who ought to know, that he sometimes manifested his love of worldly enjoyments by spending the night participating in the sports of a merry dancing party at the hotel.

A considerable number of the Mormons who lived in Plymouth, had the reputation among their gentile neighbors, of being honest, respectable people; but the majority of them were considered a "hard set." There was a great deal of thieving done in a small way—robbing hen-roosts, smoke-houses, etc.—of which the Mormons got the credit, sometimes unjustly, no doubt, as such things have happened since the Mormons left. No extensive depredations were committed about Plymouth; it was a little too far from headquarters for convenience in such operations.

The number of Mormons scattered about in various parts of the county made it very convenient for them to make the necessary observations upon the surrounding "fullness of the earth" before transferring it to their own private larders, or to their city market, if near enough, and desirable to do so. In practice they seemed generally to much pre-

fer claiming their right to the "fullness of the earth" in ways so secret that the gentiles should have no other knowledge of their loss than the barren fact that the property was gone. This was altogether the most convenient way of carrying out their great moral (?) principle. The gentiles of Hancock county, in Mormon times, like the same class described in the Sacred Book of the Christian, often exhibited great perversity in surrendering their claims to the Lord, or to those claiming to be his agents. To illustrate :

HOW HE SAVED HIS BACON.

A very good man of the gentile persuasion, still living (June, 1875) within the corporate limits of Plymouth, in the enjoyment of a good old age, had put up for his family use a good supply of meat, which he vainly supposed he had a good right to use and enjoy. We read that "The expectation of the wicked (gentiles) shall be cut off." The meat disappeared, piece by piece, a great deal faster than could be accounted for by the wants of the family. The old gentleman had heard of *Mormon theology*—and by the way, he was strong on theology, himself, in his peculiar way,—in fact, he was

ready to meet an argument in almost any way it might be presented, by gentile or Mormon. This Mormon theology on the rights of property was a particular aversion of his; it illustrated human depravity too well, and at the same time its present application bore too heavily on his larder. He watched for the intruder, nights, with a view to making things lively if he should catch him. But his vigilance failed, and he wearied of watchfulness; but when off guard, again the meat would disappear. He finally devised an argument, both forcible and effective, that was too much for the perseverance of even a Mormon saint; to use a classic expression, "it saved his bacon." The thing was so simple that we give its prominent feature for the benefit of others who may be troubled with Mormon theology, or other loose notions about the rights of property, recommending its application, however, only in extreme cases. Our gentile friend fixed his rifle in the smoke-house in such a way as to rake the passage just inside the door. He then attached a string to the trigger, ran it across the passage in line with the range of the gun, and fastened the other end to a plow in the opposite corner of the smoke-house. Any one going in

and running against the string, would necessarily draw the fire of the masked battery. Next morning the trap was found sprung, and a prominent Mormon hobbled about town for some time after that, ostensibly from the effect of a considerable cut in the calf of his leg, received, as he said, in hewing a stick of timber. It leaked out afterwards, however, that the masked battery in our friend's smoke-house was responsible for the damage.

A RECKLESS ATTEMPT TO SHOOT.

This same gentile friend was roused, one very dark night, by the barking of his dogs, indicating that something was going wrong outside. Taking his gun, he hastened out to make such observations as he could. Getting over a fence on his way towards the corn-crib, where the dogs were engaged, he startled a flock of sheep that had been lying there quietly. As they ran, the dogs went after them. Calling the dogs off from the sheep, revealed his presence to a man at the corn-crib, not more than ten feet away, who beat a hasty retreat. Hearing the footfalls plainly receding in the distance, our friend drew up his gun to fire in the direction of the sounds, but it failed to go off. Having

been annoyed so much in the past, it was his design to keep his gun constantly loaded and ready for use, and to use it to purpose if such occasion as the present offered. He learned that its failure now to serve him arose from its having been loaned to a neighbor, without his knowledge, used, and returned empty.

The next day, or soon after, while our friend was making a call in town, the Mormon came in, whom he suspected of having been at his corn-crib. The Mormon said he was about going out to his house to see if he could buy some bacon. The reply was that he had none to sell, as it had nearly all been stolen; but, said he, if you have any business at my house, and will come in daylight, you shall be respectfully treated; and if I find you, or any other Mormon, on my premises after night, I want it distinctly understood that the first warning you will get, will be the flash of my gun. This Mormon was at this time under commission from Joe Smith as a missionary to the gentiles,—went to St. Louis soon after, where he was arrested as a counterfeiter, and several dies and a quantity of bogus silver halves and quarters found upon his person. His mission at that time ended in the Missouri State

prison. On learning of his arrest in St. Louis, the Mormon's premises in Plymouth were searched, and a stocking full of bogus coins found, in various stages of completion.

A MIXED ORDINATION.

"You knew, perhaps, that I was once ordained as a regular Mormon elder," said the gentile who is responsible for the incidents just given. No! we had never heard it. "Well, it was done by the laying on of hands by a brother of the prophet, William Smith, proprietor of the Mormon hotel in Plymouth."

This ceremony being peculiar, we give the facts briefly, as related by the candidate for eldership, and as illustrating the social and moral status of a prominent Mormon. The gentile being somewhat unwell, had gone to town and stepped into the shop of a friend to spend a little time. Inquiring the news, William Smith, who was sitting on the counter, knowing the gentile's aversion to the Mormons, replied, in a taunting way, that the news was "that the prophet, Joseph Smith was not arrested yet." "Well," said the gentile, "I am sorry for it." At this, Smith got angry, and said he could whip him, anyhow, and if he would lay his hand upon

him he would do it. The reply was, that perhaps he could do it, but whatever he might be able to do, "there is one thing you cannot do—you cannot bully me." And stepping up to Smith, he laid his hand upon his shoulder; upon which Smith gave him a stinging blow that nearly upset him. Springing from the counter, Smith followed up his movement, and in the scuffle that ensued, got his head under the gentile's arm, which closed down upon his neck like a vise. His thumb accidentally got into the gentile's mouth, and that was promptly clamped. With a tremendous effort, Smith jerked away with a thumb badly skinned, and sprang out of the door, where he promised to finish the gentile if he would come out. A neighbor passing at the time, stepped between the parties and closed this novel "ordination" scene.

The gentile says the sequel to this thing was, that being an elder in a *gentile* church, his brethren made him apologize to them for mixing his ceremonies in such a promiscuous way.

MORMON vs. MORMON. HOGS IN MARKET.

The theory generally prevailed among the Mormons, that they respected each oth-

er's rights of property; that if a Mormon lost property by theft, some gentile must be guilty of the act. The following incident shows that the theory did not always hold good.

For the facts, substantially as we give them, one of our most reliable citizens is responsible. We withhold the names of the parties. An honest but deluded Mormon, from Indiana, settled on a farm in the vicinity of Bear Creek. He attended to his own business faithfully, and made an honest living by it. He had full faith in the Mormon religion, came to Hancock County to enjoy its privileges, and hoped in due time to reap its promised rewards. He had, near by, a gentile neighbor that he respected highly, whose company he enjoyed, and with whom he frequently discussed the various features of Mormonism. As thefts were common in the neighborhood, the theory alluded to often came up for discussion, the Mormon insisting that if any of his brethren in the faith lost anything in this way, some gentile was at the bottom of it; but the gentile neighbor was unconvinced and incredulous. Time passed on. One morning the Mormon got up to find that fourteen good fat hogs had disappeared from his pen during

the night. He at once went over to his gentile neighbor, reported his loss, and re-asserted his theory. A light snow had fallen through the night. The gentile remarked that it was a good time to test the theory, as the hogs could readily be tracked through the snow. The Mormon hadn't thought of that idea, but accepted the suggestion at once, and the two neighbors started together to follow the trail of the stolen property. They found the hogs had been driven up to some place near the farm since owned by Dr. H. P. Griswold, in Wythe township. There they had been killed and loaded into wagons; and as the wagons could be quite as readily tracked through the snow, they followed on until the trail led them fairly into the streets of the city of Nauvoo. Here the Mormon became disgusted, refused to make further search, remarked to his neighbor that no gentile would take undressed dead hogs into Nauvoo to sell, returned home, renounced Mormonism, sold out his property, and went back to Indiana, a sadder, but a wiser man.

TRICKS OF THE (MORMON) TRADE.

Following stolen property into Nauvoo with a hope of its recovery, generally proved

an unsuccessful sort of business. There were various devices resorted to by the Mormons for making such visits by gentile claimants both unpleasant and unprofitable. One device was that of coloring stock: for instance, a man might trace a stolen horse into Nauvoo, and find one there that answered the description of his own in every particular, except that it was a horse of another color; a partial or total application of dyestuff had changed its identity, so that no legal claim he would dare to make would be of any avail.

Another device was the whittling dodge. A little band of stalwart Mormons would confront the unwelcome visitor and engage him in conversation, at the same time producing a huge jack-knife and a stick, commence a process of whittling, cutting towards the visitor so recklessly and so closely that a retrograde movement on his part would seem eminently desirable if he valued his personal safety. It was but a short job to whittle a man out of town by following up the vigorous application of this simple device.

Again, their city ordinances were brought to bear, and claimants of stolen property were fined by Mormon courts for daring to

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

seek their own in that terrestrial paradise called Nauvoo.

Such a condition of things as we have explained and illustrated, created great antagonism between the gentile citizens and the Mormons. This condition of hostility was greatly aggravated by political considerations. The Mormons voted as a unit, and for whichever party this vote might be cast, it secured to them the enmity of the other party. The principle on which Mormon politics seemed to hinge, was that of voting for the party which promised them the most favors in return. The result of this triangular political courtship was a general falling out with each other.

In the spring of 1844, a few seceding Mormons determined to establish a newspaper in Nauvoo, for the purpose of giving the public some light upon features of Mormonism not generally known, except to those who had been initiated. One number was issued, but before another was ready for issue, the enterprise was declared a nuisance by the city council, and summarily abated by the city authorities, by the destruction of the press. This act of Mormon tyranny brought on the culmination of affairs. Pro-

cess was commenced at Carthage against the Mormon leaders, and a call made upon the citizens of Hancock, and the military forces of surrounding counties, to aid in its execution. Several hundred turned out. A requisition upon the Governor had been made for State forces, but not responded to, the Governor thinking it unnecessary; but Governor Ford himself came over and took command of the volunteer forces assembled at Carthage. He made a demand upon the Mormons for the surrender of the parties charged with the destruction of the press, promising them protection if they gave themselves up, with the alternative, if they did not, of having the whole military power of the State brought to bear upon them, if necessary. Such persuasive eloquence was irresistible. The principal Mormon dignitaries came over to Carthage and surrendered themselves to the legal authorities, and were released on bail, to appear for trial when wanted, except Joseph and Hiram Smith; these were re-arrested on charge of treason, and confined in the jail at Carthage, where they were shortly after assassinated by a band of citizens in disguise.

We pass the immediate effect of this act, for the present, to say that the trial of those

who destroyed the press came off the next year, and then proved a farce, the court being overawed by a Mormon rabble, and its verdict of acquittal rendered by a Mormon jury. The result was not soothing in its effect upon gentile citizens. A war of extermination seemed determined upon, and actual hostilities were only partially prevented by an agreement of the Mormons to leave the country *en masse* the next spring. Warlike demonstrations were made to hurry them off; a military force approached the suburbs of Nauvoo, where they were confronted by a similar Mormon force. They were careful to keep a respectful distance from each other, exchanging occasional lively compliments in the way of a harmless cannonade.

The difficulties were practically ended in the spring of 1846, by the emigration of the great body of the Mormon population.

A SERIO-COMIC PANIC.

We return now to notice the effect of the killing of the Smiths, in 1844, upon the people more or less directly brought under the influence of the act. At the interval of thirty years from the scenes, they seem to bear an impress of a decidedly serio-comic character.

Ford says that the intelligence of the death of the Smiths "seemed to strike everyone with a sort of dumbness." The *dumbness*, however, must have been of short duration, and was followed immediately by a general panic and fright, for which, perhaps, it would be hard to find a parallel. The Mormons, undoubtedly, were panic-stricken, expecting the murder of their prophet, and his brother Hiram—a prominent leader among them—to be followed up by a general attempt to exterminate the whole body. Governor Ford confesses that he hurried off to Quincy for his personal safety, and that he feared assassination from both parties. Carthage was in a fever of excitement, expecting the Mormons to wreak their vengeance upon them for the murder of their leaders, many of the citizens fleeing for refuge to more distant points for safety. Many ludicrous scenes occurred. Jeff. Davis may possibly be indebted to Carthage for his idea of attempting to escape arrest in petticoats. Two persons are said to have been seen hurrying out of town dressed in female attire, carrying between them a trunk containing their most portable valuables. The parties proved to be *a man* and his wife, escaping thus for their lives.

The frightened Carthagenians spread the panic, as they fled, to the most distant parts of the county. Terrible rumors were circulated, that Mormon vengeance, like a prairie fire, would sweep speedily over the whole county with fire and sword, carrying devastation, ruin and death to the gentile inhabitants.

The effect, very naturally, was various: some took the panic readily, and fled for safety; others, thinking there might be real danger, made such provision as they could to meet it bravely by organizing such forces as they might for home defense; others, still, took the correct view of the situation — that, of the two parties, the Mormons had the greatest cause for a panic, and that there was no real danger.

JIM'S STORY. THREE HORSEMEN TAKE A
TOWN.

A friend of ours, whose veracity is beyond question, for years a resident of Plymouth, then living nearer one of the most remote towns in the county, but not a thousand miles from Plymouth, whose name we withhold, but for convenience and brevity we shall call "Jim," tells us the following bit of his personal experience in those times that tried

men's "pluck." A prominent citizen of the town came out to get Jim and some of his neighbors to come in and help guard the town that night, as word had been received that the Mormons were coming. Jim tried to allay his fears, arguing that there was no danger of an invasion ; and as he had been hard at work all day, protested against losing his rest that night, on what seemed to him a needless mission. But no excuses or arguments availed ; nothing would do short of Jim's promise to come, which finally was given. Towards night, Jim and two of his neighbors saddled their horses and rode leisurely towards town, to fulfill their promise of standing guard. When within perhaps half a mile of town, they stopped to talk with a couple of men they met in the road ; and while sitting on their horses there, they noticed two men riding slowly towards them from town. As it was getting dark, they did not come near enough for recognition, when they turned their course and rode rapidly back towards town. They proved to be scouts that had been sent out to reconnoitre, and mistaking the identity of Jim and his companions, and greatly magnifying their numbers, rode through town at full speed, giving the alarm that the "Mormons were

coming"—“the road was full of them,” and advising the people to “flee for life.” The scouts set the example for a hasty flight, as they did not stop in theirs, until they reached some point of safety in the distance. Their haste was too great even to recover a hat that one of them lost in his flight through town. After finishing their conversation, Jim and his companions rode leisurely into town, all unconscious of the panic their mistaken identity and magnified numbers had created. They were surprised to see or hear no signs of human life about the streets; they rode on, seeking some one to direct them to the proper rendezvous at which to report for guard duty. Finally they discovered a *head* peeping cautiously out from the cover of a wagon down in a ravine; they went for it, and found it belonged to a good citizen, who wears it yet, with credit to himself and his townsmen. The news soon got about, that the bloodthirsty Mormons were friends instead of foes; and then the citizens began to put in their appearance, coming out from the cover of all sorts of hiding places.

Jim says he and his companions were disgusted at such an exhibition of pluck on the part of those they had come to assist, and went home, somewhat out of humor, deter-

mined to leave the town to its fate — and its fate has been *life, peace* and *prosperity*, notwithstanding the rude alarms of invasion, wars and rumors of war.

MARTIAL MUSIC IN A MILK PAIL.

The following amusing little incident belongs at the same place and near the same time as the story just preceding.

We were inclined at first to treat the incident as made up by some one with a too lively imagination; but find, on investigation, that it is well authenticated as veritable history.

A little company of panic-stricken Carthaginians had fled to this distant point, and taken refuge in the house of a friend, hoping to enjoy at least one night of quiet rest and immunity from danger before the coming storm of Mormon wrath should break upon their devoted heads. The curtains of night began to fall upon the scene, shutting out from view any visible signs of approaching danger. Suddenly the sound of distant music seemed to float upon the still evening air. What could it mean? All ears were attent. Again the shrill tones came ringing nearer, clearer than before. There could be no mistake now — the Mormon hordes were

surely at hand, marching, a triumphant host, with martial music at their head.

The only hope of our startled company lay in instant flight. They fled incontinently, nor stopped in their wild chase for safety until they reached a neglected lot on which grew a mass of high weeds so dense as to compare well with an Indian jungle or southern cane-break. They managed to crawl into the tangled depths of this jungle, and find safety until the morning light dispelled both the darkness and the danger.

A moment's investigation, preceding their flight, would have revealed a neighbor, all innocent of any design of harm, in an adjoining lot, quietly milking his cow; and that the first dashing streams of milk into the resonant tin pail produced the sounds their excited imaginations had interpreted as martial music, and caused all the fright and discomfort they had experienced.

THE BLUE-STOCKING WAR.

Plymouth, with its preponderating Mormon population, was in a remarkably good condition to be panic stricken, if an exciting cause had occurred at the proper time to produce the greatest effect. Fortunately, it appeared, at an early stage of the excite-

ment, that the Mormons were more frightened than the citizens.

We pass, for the present, the effects of the panic upon the Mormons, to notice a first-class sensation that occurred a little out of town, among several families of citizens. These families were personal relatives; some of them were alarmed at the supposed danger from a storm of wrath from the Mormons, and urged the others to meet with them at night for mutual protection and safety. They did so. As the families were quite large, the number thus gathered, counting men, women and children, presented quite a formidable array of forces. The place chosen for rendezvous--the house of one of their number--was well chosen in one respect in a military point of view: the facilities for a retreat were good, should such a movement become necessary, it being down hill in nearly every direction from the house, and there was a friendly shelter of timber near at hand.

It was the second night after the Smiths were killed; the news had been spread far and wide; the excitement was at its height. Our company was assembled, and arrangements duly made for the night's campaign: one of the number was to stand guard and

give timely warning of any approaching danger; the others to get such sleep as they could in their crowded condition within doors. The hours sped on; those within were wrapped in slumber—with some a fitful sleep, disturbed with fearful dreams of impending danger. The guard got tired of his lonely vigils, and felt that the only necessity for his weary duty was to allay the fears of some timid ones within, and they were now asleep. He set his gun against the side of the house, slipped in quietly, and was soon among the soundest sleepers. Presently another awoke and stepped outside to see if all was well—found the guard gone, and the gun left recklessly exposed to the enemy; but seeing no signs of danger, carried the gun inside, for safety, and again retired. For a time all was quiet. The door had been but carelessly closed; soon a light gust of wind blew it open; a dreaming sleeper, aroused by the noise, shouted, “The Mormons are here!” No second alarm was needed to bring the sleepers to their feet. One of the tallest and largest men of the company sprang from his bed with a bound that brought his head, but slightly covered with hair, in violent collision with the ceiling; as

he came down, his shins struck with force against the edge of a trundle bed filled with children, in the middle of the floor. With pain from his double collision, and fright, he roared lustily. The guard sprang out for his gun, only to find it gone. Its absence was an alarming fact. In the darkness the coolest heads could not readily take in the situation. The women screamed, children cried, the men shouted; for a time the direst confusion reigned supreme. Then it began to dawn upon their minds that there was no enemy to meet; nobody seriously hurt, nobody to blame; but that everybody had been very thoroughly frightened, was unquestionable. As the general ridiculousness of the situation became apparent, fright changed to mirth; and from that day to this, the scenes of that eventful night have been a fruitful source of amusement, not only to the circle participating in it, but to a much wider circle that were soon made acquainted with the facts.

The writer first heard this story about twenty-five years ago, from the lips of one of the ladies concerned in it. The gusto with which she entered into its recital, and her graphic description of its incidents, we fail to reproduce; but the essential facts are

given as related by her, and others since. With this we must be content to let what our lady informant designated as the "Blue-Stocking War," pass into history.

THE MORMON PANIC.

The real fright and fear endured by the Mormons in and about Plymouth, as a result of the murder of their leaders, is shown by the following facts: The day after the murder, a few prominent Mormons went to the house of a citizen in the country, asking his personal protection, for the time being, and his intercession in their behalf, that their lives might be spared, and a little time given them in which to escape to some place of safety, promising to leave the place as soon as they could get away. The result was, that in a few days the Mormons were about all gone from Plymouth and vicinity. They disappeared quietly and almost without observation; a few, occupying farms near by, abandoned their crops, taking with them only a few of their most portable goods. Among these was Samuel Smith, a brother of the murdered prophet, then on a farm in the extreme north part of the prairie, near Crooked Creek. He bore the reputation of being a good, respectable citizen. An-

other Mormon, by the name of Kelley, who had been driven out of Missouri when the Mormons were expelled from that State, had abandoned his crops and most of his property there, and when he settled down to farming here, had expressed his determination never to leave his property again, under any circumstances, as he had done in Missouri, but rather to stay with it, and die by it, if necessary; but Kelley was among the first that disappeared.

Plymouth was thus relieved of its Mormon population in 1844; but as we have previously stated, the county bore the infliction nearly two years longer. A number of the citizens of Plymouth participated in the closing scenes of the so-called Mormon war, which resulted in the expulsion of the Mormons from the State.

NAUVOO—THE PROPHET'S WIDOW AND SON.

The writer first saw Nauvoo in the spring of 1849—three years after the Mormons left. The walls of the great Mormon Temple were then standing, all the combustible parts of the building having previously been destroyed by fire. We stopped at the Nauvoo House—a great institution, chartered by the State of Illinois, at the same time

with the passage of the other famous Nauvoo charters. In this hotel, according to its charter, "Joe Smith and his heirs were to have a suite of rooms forever." Joe's wife is said never to have taken stock in Mormonism. Not long after his death, she married Major Louis C. Bidamon. They did not join in the Mormon exodus, but remained, and are now in charge of the hotel, now known as the Riverside Mansion. At the time of our visit, Joseph Smith, jr., then a young man, was still at home with his mother. He is now, and for some years has been, a resident of Plano, Ill., fifty-three miles west of Chicago, on the C. B. & Q. R. R. He has quite a Mormon community about him, but not of the polygamous, Salt Lake stripe. "Young Joe" (now advancing in years) is a preacher, and editor of a Mormon newspaper.

CHAPTER X.

We have explained the causes, in the preceding chapter, that resulted in a general depression of business throughout the whole country, as well as here, and the special

blighting influence, following closely in the wake of the financial crisis, that bore with such crushing weight upon Hancock County, and with it, upon the town of Plymouth.

After such explanation, it will not be thought strange, that our record of improvement, business enterprises, etc., for the few years next succeeding, should be exceedingly brief.

It will be remembered, that in our record for 1837, we noted the fact that Benjamin Whittaker was in business on the west side of the square, where Bybee & Terry now are. Here he was succeeded by George Baxter in 1839. Possibly the two were in partnership for a short time preceding this. In 1840, Baxter sold his stock of goods to William M. King, who moved them to his harness shop on the south side of the square, where he closed them out, without adding materially, if any, to the stock, as he did not care, at that time, to continue that line of business.

The only business enterprises inaugurated by Mormons, not already noticed, consisted of a couple of blacksmith's shops, that, like many other Plymouth enterprises, were short-lived.

We might add somewhat to the record

for the period of Mormon occupation and influence by noting the building of a few residences; but it is not our purpose to trace the history of that line of improvements, except as it may come in the way of our business record.

Other religious influences declined as Mormonism advanced. Rev. William King left in 1843. From this time the Presbyterian Church lost most of its practical influence upon the town by its union with the Congregational Church of Round Prairie. Occasional meetings were held in the school house, by different denominations, from time to time.

The establishment of regular services in Plymouth will be noticed in the history of the various churches of the town, in their order. We can only note for this period in the history of Plymouth, a general stagnation and retrogression in everything pertaining to the welfare of the town. The Mormon hotel kept open doors for wayfarers, under various proprietors — Mormons and "Jack" Mormons, until the property was sold to David Higby, in 1847. Among these proprietors, succeeding William Smith, were Grant, Smith's brother-in-law, Cole, and Ewing. Cole was a precious rascal; found

with stolen horses in his stable at one time. When Capt. M——'s company were ordered out to help drive off the Mormons, Cole gave out notice that if they went, he would poison their wells and harrass their women and children. Hearing this, the captain went to him and told him that he had heard of his threat—that he and his company were going, in obedience to the call; but that he did not intend to leave him (Cole) behind, *alive*, to execute his threat; upon which Cole found it expedient to make a hasty removal to Nauvoo. During Ewing's "administration" of the hotel business, the old Mormon *sign post* on the premises, became an obnoxious remembrancer of the past, to the citizens, and a "vigilance committee went, one day, and cut it down, notwithstanding the protest of the proprietor.

In 1846, Mr. M. C. Johnson commenced business on the west side—at the Bybee place—selling merchandise and keeping hotel. This he continued until 1851, and was then succeeded by Mr. David Palmer.

In 1848, *Mr. Philip Metzgar* commenced his business career in Plymouth. He bought a house and lot where his residence now is, together with the remaining three lots east of it—lots 4, 5, 6 and 7, block 15—of Mr.

Samuel Haggard, for one hundred and thirty-seven dollars. (The value of town property, just after the Mormon times, is worthy of note.) Here he worked at his trade, tailoring, for two years; then commenced selling goods in a small way, adding, from time to time, to his stock and to his facilities for trade, until he has built up one of the largest and most successful business enterprises of the town.

The character of 'Squire *King's* business changed from the mechanical to the mercantile, about 1848. Up to this time he had followed his trade—harness making. A Mr. Percival, doing business in Clayton, had brought a small stock of goods to Plymouth, which for a time were kept in the Mormon Hotel building. Soon after, Percival formed a partnership with W. M. King, and the goods were moved to King's shop on the south side of the square. This continued for a year or two, when King bought out his partner, and continued the business on his own account, dropping the harness making altogether.

J. W. Bell commenced his mercantile business in 1847—it would seem rather by accident than design. He had devoted himself to farming since coming to Plymouth in

1836, doing no public business, except entertaining travelers occasionally at his first place of residence, on Winter street, between Virginia and Union. During the year named, he raised a large crop of beans, for which he failed to find a satisfactory *cash* market, but could trade them for *goods*. This he did, and continued to keep a small stock on hand while he remained at the old place, devoting leisure time to the business, and running it in an irregular sort of way, as incidental to the farming business. Such was the beginning of an enterprise that grew up to be among the foremost in the place.

We may remark here, that the three persons just noticed — J. W. Bell, who came to Plymouth in 1836; William M. King, who came in 1837; and Philip Metzgar, who came in 1848 — all commenced their mercantile career near the same time, and are the only ones who have done a successful and continuous business for so long a period — a quarter of a century — in Plymouth. The two latter are continuing the race into the second quarter, while the first, Mr. Bell, retired, through age and infirmity, in 1873. In 1850, Dr. H. P. Griswold retired from practice and went to his farm in Wythe township. Mr. Bell bought out his town property, includ-

ing the residence on the corner of East Main street and the public square, together with all the lots east of it to Union street. Here both branches of his business took on an enlarged and more prominent form. Mr. John A. Hamilton entered into partnership with Mr. Bell, in the mercantile business, in 1854, and continued with him until the fall of 1862, when he changed his location to Carthage.

In 1855 Mr. Bell put up the new hotel and store building on the corner. This was sold to — Wilson in 1857. Bell and Hamilton continued to occupy the store until the building was burned in the spring of 1858, involving, as is generally supposed, the death of Wilson, the proprietor. The business of Bell & Hamilton was then transferred to the north side of the square, in the Odell building; remaining there until the fall of the same year, was then removed to a building on the corner of East Main and Virginia streets—east end of the Ralston place. Here they remained until the dissolution of the firm in 1862.

T. P. Montgomery, M. D., succeeded Dr. Griswold in the practice of medicine in Plymouth in 1850. He lived for a time in Mr. Bell's old residence on Winter street, and in

1852 built the residence on East Main street. He also built a large two-story store building in 1856, on the northwest corner of the square—lot 3, block 9—and carried on business there until 1857, when he sold out to Mr. A. S. Newman. His residence he sold to J. W. Bell in 1858, by whom it is still occupied. Dr. Montgomery went to Missouri from Plymouth, and was succeeded in practice here by Drs. M. M. Hooton and A. W. King, who had been associated with him for a time, the former having commenced practice in 1852, and retired in 1862, removing to Peoria. The latter commenced practice in 1854, and retired in 1866, devoting himself since that time to farming. Montgomery returned to Plymouth in 1861, and remained for three years, and then made his final removal.

T. L. Gannon and *Thomas Garvin* commenced their business in Plymouth as wagon makers in 1850, working in partnership for a time, in a building where the Ralston House now stands. Dissolving partnership, Mr. Garvin continued in the business until his death in 1867.

T. L. Gannon remained until after the war, when, unfortunately, some relics of the "late unpleasantness" grew to such propor-

tions between him and some of the "soldier boys," who had not exhausted their war spirit in the south, that he thought a hasty removal desirable, and that such a step would be in the interest of peace.

David Higby settled in Plymouth in 1847. There are some items in his history worthy of special notice. He started for this locality in the spring of 1838, with a wife and two children, his home having been in the State of New York. All were blown up in the terrific boiler explosion of the steamer *Moselle*, near Cincinnati. His wife and children were killed. He barely escaped with his life, having a leg and an arm broken. For ten days he was entirely unconscious; and as his life began to come back, his first knowledge of his surroundings was of the fact that two bungling doctors, who had given him up to die, were quarreling over his trunk containing several hundred dollars in specie. We think we have used the qualifying word concerning these doctors advisedly, for the reason, that during the three months Mr. Higby laid there, unable to be moved, his leg was broken over and reset three times, and then left in a condition that made him a cripple for life. As soon as he could be moved, a brother came

out from New York and took him home. He remained there until fall, and then came out to Illinois, locating, for the time, at Lamoine mill, where he worked with his brother-in-law, Butler Gates. He remained here until 1843, when Mr. Gates sold out to Samuel Doyle. Mr. Higby then went with Mr. Gates to Riverside, and was engaged with him in an unprofitable mill enterprise on the rapids of the Mississippi, until the spring of 1847, when he came to Plymouth, living that summer in the house of Samuel Haggard, on the site of P. Metzgar's present residence. During the following fall or winter, Mr. Higby bought, at a sale by order of court, the Mormon Hotel property, together with the entire tier of lots, one to six inclusive, in block ten, extending from Franklin to Virginia streets. He commenced blacksmithing in a shop on the northwest corner of the square, where Bidwell Bros. & Boman's shop now is.

He built a shop on his own premises in 1849. In 1850, the gold fever took him off to California, where he remained for one year. Returning from there, he devoted himself to his trade, until compelled to retire from it by his final sickness. He built the present family residence on Virginia street

in 1858. His death occurred December 10th, 1867.

John J. Hipple commenced business in Birmingham in 1847, and continued there until 1854, when he removed to Plymouth. Early in this year, he built a store on lot 8, block 16—now the King & Son place—on the south side of the square.

Mr. Hipple claims the credit—and his claim is undisputed—of putting down the first sidewalk in Plymouth, on the premises just described. It was a small beginning, extending eighteen feet, the whole length of his store front, and three feet wide.

We may remark here, that this class of improvements has kept pace with the growth of the town to a good degree, although there is yet room for more, and in many places a much better style than that which now prevails.

In the fall of 1854, Mr. Hipple sold out his establishment to Saylor & Elliott. The next year he bought the west half of lot 9, block 15, of William M. King—now H. G. Metzgar's,—built a store upon it, and recommenced business. In a short time he sold out to David Graham, who, in a few months, was succeeded by Kinsey & Graham. Mr. Hipple's residence, on Franklin

street — one of the best in town — was built in 1856.

J. M. Randolph, M. D., followed the practice of medicine in Birmingham, from 1842 to 1850. During a part of this time he rented and run the sawmill at that place. In 1850, he and John Hendrickson bought the Lamoin mill. In 1854, the firm of Randolph & Hendrickson commenced a mercantile business in Plymouth, in addition to their milling business at Lamoin, building a store on lot 9, block 16 — premises now owned by King & Son. This firm dissolved partnership two years later, Randolph continuing the business in Plymouth, and Hendrickson taking the mill property at Lamoin.

The Buzan Building — now Walty's — figured as a prominent business corner in the early history of Plymouth, but for some years it has been lost to view in our business record. For a time following the Mormon occupation, it was abandoned as a human habitation, and left open as a convenient shelter for cattle and sheep. It was afterwards closed up and used as a place for the storage of corn. A portion of it was refitted for habitation in 1848 or '9, and occupied by Mr. — Curtis, who taught the public school for three or four years. Afterward, Mr. Parley

Belknap occupied the premises with his gunsmith and repair shop, and also as a residence. In 1854, the north wing of the building was added, and the house occupied by Mr. — Sherman as a boarding-house for railroad hands. Near the same time, Mr. C. W. Johnson commenced business in the same building, dealing especially in supplies for the railroad men. This he continued for about a year and a half. At one time, Mr. Johnson was connected with a firm of railroad contractors who operated here, but this arrangement continued only for a short time. Dr. James Ross also owned and occupied the building for a time as a hotel.

Lewis Graham, cabinet-maker and undertaker, came to Plymouth in the fall of 1854, and has been in business here continuously since that time. He had previously been in business, for three or four years, at Lamoin Mill, and before that, at Birmingham, having come to the vicinity of Birmingham in 1837. Mr. Graham's place of business, since the first year, has been where it now is, on lot 3, block 16, southwest corner of the square.

Esta Bidwell came to Plymouth from Canton, in the spring of 1855. The next year he bought of D. P. Palmer the premises now occupied by the firm of Bidwell

Bros. & Boman, lot 7, block 9, northwest corner of the square With the exception of a temporary return to Canton, with the view of locating in business at that point, Mr. Bidwell has carried on an important and increasing business from that time to the present. His own special department of work has been plow making and blacksmithing; but he has had various other parties associated with him from time to time, both in the iron and wood working departments of his business, so that he has carried on a general blacksmithing business, plow making and repairing, wagon making, and, to some extent, the manufacture and sale of agricultural implements.

Henry Tuck located in Plymouth in the summer of 1855. He commenced work in the old Van Est store building, lot 8, block 9. The next year he built a shop on the north side, west half of lot 2, block 9, where he continued in business until that corner was burnt out in 1867.

To the manufacturing of boots and shoes, Mr. Tuck has added the business of general dealer in this line of goods. By persevering industry and economy, together with a very little judicious speculation in real estate, the four hundred and fifty dollars that he

brought to Plymouth with him has increased so that he has raised a large family, owns a good place of business, and a snug farm a little out of town, on which he resides with his family, while he "pegs" away at the shop, as though it was the "last and awl" (all) of his resources.

Sayler & Elliott we have previously noticed incidentally as buying out J. J. Hipple in the fall of 1854. Mr. Elliott remained in business for several years, and will be noticed again with others in a succeeding chapter.

Dr. Sayler's connection with the business of Plymouth was not of long duration. He remained in partnership with Jacob Elliott for a year or two, and afterwards for a shorter period with Esta Bidwell. Dissolving this business relation, he returned to Indiana in 1857.

David P. Palmer we have noticed briefly as succeeding M. C. Johnson in business in 1851. We have only to add here, that Mr. Palmer carried on quite an extensive mercantile business for about seven years. For several years Mr. Palmer has lived on a little farm two and a half miles northeast of Plymouth.

Nathan H. Grafton (carpenter) came to

Plymouth in 1847,—lived, for a time, on St. Mary's Prairie. In 1849 he built the house now occupied by Mr. Cook, on lot 3, block 15. A few years later he moved to the place near the railroad, where he has since resided.

John Hayden (blacksmith) came to Plymouth and commenced business in 1847 or '8, and continued it until his removal in 1866.

Among others in the same line of business, we may mention James Riggin, who worked at his trade here from 1847 or '8 to 1852 or '3; and Reuben Cecil, who worked in Plymouth from 1847 to 1855, and has since carried on a shop in connection with his farm near Lamoine Mill.

John W. Boman came to Round Prairie when a boy, with his father, in 1834—learned the blacksmith trade here, and commenced business for himself in 1850, and has been in that line of business continuously since that time.

Samuel Tibbetts formed a matrimonial alliance in the family of J. W. Bell in 1850. At this time he was a clerk in a store in Quincy, but soon after removed to Plymouth, where he was engaged in business with Mr. Bell for a time. He was employed by the

railroad company, as station agent, for a short time, soon after the completion of the road. After this he engaged in mercantile business on his own account until his removal from Plymouth in 1861.

Reuben Munday came to Plymouth in 1852, and worked at blacksmithing with David Higby about seven years. Afterwards he followed the trade on his own account east of the square; then on the west side, corner of Main street and the square. Here he had other parties in partnership with him for short terms. Quitting the trade, he tried the grocery business for a while in connection with a Mr. Edrington, having for this purpose fitted up the shop where he had carried on his trade.

He left Plymouth late in the year 1868.

CHAPTER XI.

In our record of current events we have now reached another important period in our history: viz., that which marks the building of the railroad, now known as the *Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad*. The portion of the road connecting Quincy and Galesburg, in which we are more particularly

interested, was built under an old charter granted for "*The Northern Cross Railroad*," one of the lines projected by the State system of 1836. The route contemplated by the charter for the "*Northern Cross*" railroad was substantially that adopted by the *Tolcdo, Wabash and Western*—a direct east and west line. How such a charter was construed to cover a line running northeast to Galesburg, is, of course, very easily understood by railroad lawyers, and railroad men generally, and citizens along the line are too well pleased with the result to raise any question, even if the case were open to question, as to the propriety of "going east" from Quincy and intermediate points via Galesburg; consequently we do not get "*cross*" by reason of a "*northern*" route east. The route originally consisted of several independent lines. The present name—*Chicago, Burlington and Quincy*—is the result of a consolidation of these under one management.

The surveys for this portion of the line were made principally in 1853, and the work upon it done during the two years following, it being completed in the winter of 1855-6. After reaching this point with the surveys, an effort was made to run the line directly

to Macomb, substantially on the line of the old State road; but the engineers found Crooked Creek an impracticable barrier in that direction, upon any grade that they were willing to adopt. Considerable time was spent in the effort to find a crossing in the vicinity of Lamoine Mill, but it had to be abandoned and a more "northern" route adopted in order to "cross" Crooked Creek. The surface of Round Prairie stands about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of Crooked Creek, and where the elevated prairie approaches near the creek the difficulty of getting from one level to the other, on a grade something less than forty feet per mile, will be apparent to others than engineers. That the railroad did not cross Round Prairie at some point farther east than its present location, is due to the simple fact that the ravine running from the "frog pond" originally about the depot, north into Crooked Creek, furnished the best solution of the engineering difficulty above stated.

ADDITIONS TO THE TOWN PLAT OF
PLYMOUTH.

The building of the railroad suggested to various parties the propriety of giving the

town more room in which to spread itself. Very material growth was generally expected. The natural laws governing the growth of towns were not so well understood then as now. With the facts and observations of twenty years experience around us, it is easy to philosophise a little upon this subject, and to draw important conclusions therefrom. Among such conclusions we may state that while a railroad adds greatly to the convenience and facilities for doing the business of a town, it does not necessarily attract a great increase of population.

A second conclusion is, that a large and productive country surrounding a railroad town is a valuable element in its business prosperity; and yet this condition may be secured without adding very greatly to the population, for the reason, that a large business at any given point may be done by a very few large and enterprising firms.

A third and final conclusion is, that the most effectual way to build up a town is by the establishment of first-class schools and manufacturing enterprises. This class of improvements will attract the very best class of citizens to a place, and hold them as permanent residents. If this were the proper

place in which to do it, we should make an appeal to the citizens of Plymouth, to place her schools on such a footing as to make it to the interest of our own sons and daughters to remain at home, and receive here an education sufficient for all the ordinary avocations of life, and to fit those designed for professional life to enter at once upon a professional course of study when they go elsewhere to prosecute such a course. Such schools are within our reach; we can have them if we will, and by them we would retain citizens that we are now practically driving away from our town; and at the same time we should attract many others who would gladly avail themselves of such facilities here, and who would buy our now vacant lots, build upon them and make their homes with us. The same line of remark applies with all its force to the benefits derived from manufacturing enterprises. Now, as our young men grow up, there is no profitable employment for them here, and the energetic ones seek and find it elsewhere, while many of those deficient in energy are left as a burden upon our hands. And a worse feature in the case of the latter is, that from this class of idle young men is developed the worst classes of loafers and

roughs that infest society everywhere. All these, and scores of others, should be able to find profitable and constant employment in shops and factories here. Both town, and the country surrounding it, would be greatly benefited by such a condition of things: the town by an increased population and business, and the country by a better home market for its productions.

The question may be asked by some, what all this moralizing has to do with the heading under which we have placed it. We shall endeavor to make all this as "plain as a pike-staff," even to the comprehension of the dullest. We state the fact here, that will appear more fully a little further on, that the limits of the town are considerably in excess of the wants of the present or prospective population, unless some means are devised to attract a greater population. Our remarks, we think, suggest the best possible remedy for this difficulty, and we commend this solution to the owners of vacant lots, and to all others interested in the prosperity of Plymouth. The arrangement, perhaps, would have been more logical had we reserved the remarks until after the statement of the facts upon which they are based: however, we are not aware of any

law compelling us to follow any logical order in the arrangement of our subject matter.

We now proceed with our statement of facts.

In 1854 *Bell, Rook & Johnson's Addition* to Plymouth was made, adding forty acres to the original fifty in the plat of 1836. This is by far the largest, most important and most successful of the additions made to the town. It embraces ninety lots of eighty feet front, being larger than the lots in the original plat, they being but sixty-six feet front, and those on the square are still less. Those on the north and south sides of the square are fifty-five feet front, and those on the east and west sides are fifty-two and a quarter feet. Ten lots, being the whole of block 7 in Bell, Rook & Johnson's addition, are occupied by the school property. Lots 1 and 2 in block 8 are occupied by the Congregational Church. On the remaining seventy-eight lots, all of which are desirable residence property, there are now a little less than thirty dwellings. Several of the occupants of these own more than one lot, so that the difference between the number of lots and the number of dwellings represents considerably more than the number of vacant lots.

Wilson's Addition comprises two blocks south of East Main street, between the original plat and Bell, Rook & Johnson's addition. In these two blocks are twelve full lots, and four fractional ones divided by the railroad. The only residence on either is that of Rev. L. Osborn, on block two, south of Summer street.

Cook's Addition, near the depot, comprises twenty-six lots—say ten or twelve acres. Of these, block 1 consists of a tier of nine lots lying between Depot street and the railroad grounds. These are sixty-six by sixty-six feet, and on this block are three buildings—the Cuyler House and two private dwellings. Block 2 consists of nine lots, eighty by one hundred and thirty-two feet, and block 3, of eight lots, eighty by one hundred and thirty-two feet, each block extending in a single tier from the depot grounds to the Augusta road, with Hancock street between them. On block 2 there is one dwelling house, and on block 3 there are two: in all, on Cook's Addition, six dwellings. The *Cuyler House* was built by Anderson in 1855, sold to C. H. Cuyler in 1857, and burnt out the same year. Mr. Cuyler rebuilt at once, and had personal charge of it until his death in 1867. His

family have continued the business since that time. In 1874 his son Walter retired from railroad business and took charge of the hotel.

The *Cuyler House* has always maintained a high reputation among the traveling public, as among the best kept hotels on the line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

Madison's Addition comprises two blocks of seven lots each, one block on each side of an extension of Liberty street northward, at the northwest corner of the original town plat. On this addition there is one dwelling house.

Randolph's Addition consists of twelve lots west of the original town plat and south of West Main street. These are uniform in size with those of the original plat, except that the alley does not extend through the addition. On this addition are located the steam flouring mill, the slaughter house, and the calaboose. Of this latter valuable public improvement we remark, in passing, that it was built by the town in 1873, at an expense, say, of two hundred dollars. At various times its occupation by various parties would have contributed greatly to the peace and quiet of the town. Its location is not

such as to attract those who would be benefited by a temporary residence within its walls, to a voluntary occupation of it, and as yet our town authorities have not used their *persuasive* (?) *power* sufficiently to constrain any one to dwell therein, and consequently it has been thus far without an occupant.

The Steam Flouring Mill, on Randolph's Addition, was commenced in 1858, by J. M. Randolph, Jesse W. Bell and David Higby. Before the machinery was put in, this firm dissolved, and the mill remained unfinished until 1864. It was then put in running order by Randolph and Patterson, and run by them till 1867, when the firm changed to Randolph & Metzgar. Under the ownership of this firm the mill was rented for two years—to Strunk & Gillis for six months, and to Smith & Gillis for a year and a half. At the expiration of this time, in the spring of 1869, Mr. C. M. Currens became sole proprietor, and has run it under his own personal supervision since that time.

School Buildings. Having previously noticed the first efforts made in this line of public improvements, it remains now for us to trace their progress down to the present time. We have noticed the use of a cabin for school purposes, in the southaset part of

the prairie, in 1834; also the building of the old log school house in Plymouth in 1836. Next in order of time, we mention what is known as the *North School House*, two miles northeast of Plymouth. The original log building was put up in 1847, and was succeeded by the present neat frame building in 1864. The North School House has served the double purpose, through most of its history, of a school house and a place for neighborhood religious meetings.

The "*Round-Top*" School House was built in 1847-48. It is about three and a half miles southeast of Plymouth. On the part of the one who originated the name for this building there was evidently great need for such instruction as school houses are designed to promote. He manifested very loose and confused notions of very simple geometric forms. The *top* of the building was in the form of a blunt pyramid; or, to describe it otherwise, the building being about square—say 20 by 20 feet—the roof was put on so as to form four equal sloping sides. Out of this peculiarity in form originated, in some way, the name *Round Top*. We have heard of attempts to "square the circle," but this name reverses the operation. The old building gave way, in the fall of 1871, to a

new, larger, and commodious modern school building, to which the old name adheres. We may mention here, that previous to the building of the Round Top school house, the old Congregational Church, out on the prairie, was sometimes used for school purposes.

The East School House, in the Twidwell neighborhood, was built in 1850—a frame building that served the community for more than twenty years. In 1873 the old building was replaced by a new and better one. Until the building of the Lamoin Chapel, in 1872, the school house was frequently used for religious meetings and for Sunday schools, as well as for school purposes.

The Plymouth School Building, No. 2—supplementing the log building of 1836—was erected in 1851, on lot 9, block 8, on West Main street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. This was a two-story building, the lower story being built by the district authorities for school purposes, and the upper story by the Sons of Temperance for their especial use. This joint ownership continued for two or three years, and then the Sons of Temperance sold out their interest in the building to the school directors. This building continued to be used for school purposes

until the completion of the present school building, in the east part of town, in 1865. It was then sold and remodeled into a dwelling house. It is now owned by Mr. H. G. Metzgar.

The Plymouth School Building No. 3 is located on block 7, Bell, Rook & Johnson's Addition, in the extreme east part of the town. The location has the one disadvantage of not being central, either as to district limits, or as to population. With this exception it would be difficult to find a more eligible site for school grounds within the corporate limits of the town, now embracing the entire section on which Plymouth is built. The grounds are ample and "beautiful for situation." The house is of brick, 40 by 50 feet, two stories high, containing four school rooms, with recitation rooms, etc., and affording accommodations for about two hundred pupils. The building is in good shape to have a wing added on the east, sufficient in size to afford any additional room the future wants of the place may require. This school building has a history, previous to its ownership by the district, that will be of interest to many of our readers.

An association was formed, about the close of the year 1854, or beginning of 1855,

called "*The Plymouth Education Society*," for the purpose of establishing an *Academy*. The citizens of Plymouth and vicinity subscribed and paid in about \$3,000 towards the enterprise. Work was commenced on the building about the first of September, 1855, and in November following, a severe wind storm blew down a portion of the walls of the upper story. Work upon the building was then suspended until the next spring, when the walls were again put up and the building roofed.

The loss and damage to the building by the storm, and disaffection on the part of some of the heavy stockholders on account of the location of the building, leading them to refuse additional subscriptions, together with the fact that the enterprise had been commenced with an amount subscribed very much short of what would have been required to complete it without the unexpected loss, led to the total suspension of the enterprise. For about six years it remained in *statu quo*. In 1862 some of its creditors compelled its sale as a measure of public utility, the school district being the purchaser. Most of the stock was donated to the district, a few only of the stockholders demanding any return for their investment. A large majority of

the stockholders were residents of the school district, and were interested in having the property made useful for school purposes in some form, as the whole would be lost to the public if diverted to any other purpose. Less than three hundred dollars was paid by the district, in the settlement of claims, for the property. Including the finishing up and furnishing ready for use, the cost of the property to the district was about three thousand five hundred dollars.

The Plymouth Post Office, Postmasters and Mail Routes. We have noticed the establishment of a post office in Plymouth in the fall of 1836—*Carroll O'Neil*, postmaster. The office, during his administration, was kept in his cabinet making shop, on lot 2, block 15, east side of the square, now occupied by Metzgar & Miller's hardware store. On O'Neil's removal to Macomb, in 1839, he was succeeded as postmaster by *William M. King*. The office was then moved to King's shop, on lot 8, block 15, south side of the square, now Wade's drug store building. The office remained here in Mr. King's charge until February, 1857, when he was succeeded by *William Melton*. Mr. Melton removed the office to the northeast corner of the square, where the post office building

now is, and from thence, in a short time, to the southeast corner of the square, in Mr. Cook's building. Mr. Melton retained the office of postmaster for about a year and a half, and was then succeeded by *John Cleveland*, who held it until his death. He was succeeded in turn by his deputy, *H. P. Wier*, who held it until May, 1861, at which time *John H. Lawton* received the appointment. During his administration the office was kept at his place of business on the west side of the square—now the Bybee building. Mr. Lawton held the office about four years and a half—until near the close of 1865—at which time he was succeeded by *Samuel Haggard*. During his time of service the office was kept, part of the time on the west side of the square, in the building on the corner of lot 1, block 16, and afterwards on the south side, lot 8, block 16—now the King & Son building. Failing health compelled Haggard to resign, and he was succeeded by *Mrs. E. S. Haines* in April, 1868. She kept the office on the east side of the square, in the building now occupied by S. K. Gaylord. On her resignation and removal, in April, 1872, *E. J. Ellis* succeeded to the office. He removed it to the northeast corner of the square, in the Ellis building, where it still remains, in his charge.

Mail Routes. We have noticed, in Chapter VI., the establishment of a post office in Augusta, in 1834. At this time, or thereabout, a mail route was established, extending east and west across the country, from the Illinois to the Mississippi river. Previous to the building of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad this route was an important one. Rushville, one of the points on the line, had a post office some years previous to this time, and Augusta, Plymouth and Carthage, with some intermediate points, fell into line as landmarks on the route. The building of the railroad brought about material changes in the arrangement for supplying various points upon the line with the mail. A daily line was established from Plymouth to Carthage, and continued until the completion of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway, in 1863. A weekly route was then established for the purpose of supplying some intermediate points between Plymouth and Carthage. The discontinuance of the post office at St. Mary's, and the establishment of one at Martin's Mill on Crooked Creek, called *Joetta*, has brought other changes. *Joetta* was supplied, for a time, from Plymouth; but by the present arrangement both Middle

Creek and Joetta are supplied from Carthage, relieving the Plymouth office from all duty as a distributing office, except for the old line from Plymouth to Rushville via Birmingham, Brooklyn and Wayland. This was a weekly route until July, 1874, at which time it was changed to a tri-weekly route.

Newspaper Enterprise—“*The Plymouth Locomotive.*” Among other things that the building of the railroad was expected to do for Plymouth was, that it would place it in a condition to sustain a newspaper. That such an institution was needed in a rising town like Plymouth, did not seem to be doubted. That it could be sustained, and would be, seemed little, if any, less doubted. Enough men with faith and hope in the enterprise were found to furnish the means necessary to start “*The Plymouth Locomotive*” with a full head of steam. It was put in charge of an experienced engineer and conductor, in the person of Thomas Gregg, a veteran newspaper man, who made as good a paper of it as any country town could expect. *The Plymouth Locomotive* ran well while the steam was kept up; but the running expenses for fuel, employes, etc., were soon found to be in excess of the income. It was a nice thing—the newspaper,—but,

like the Indian's gun, "it cost more than it came to." Mr. Gregg ran the paper for several months, and then a Mr. Hahn attempted to engineer it to success — *but it died*. Plymouth people did not quit reading newspapers when their pet died, but they allowed others to make them.

The Park. When the town of Plymouth was laid out, a lot containing about four acres was left in the center as a *Square*. It is nearly a square in fact, being 396 feet east and west by 412½ north and south. For nearly thirty years this remained a barren waste, furnishing quantities of dust in a dry time, that the winds swept relentlessly into shops, stores and dwellings; and in a wet time it furnished mud in abundance. In 1863 about one and a quarter acres in the centre of the square were fenced in, leaving a street or carriage way on the outside eighty feet wide. The lot enclosed was plowed, sown with grass seed, and set thickly with forest trees, mainly elm and soft maple. No attempt at artistic arrangement of the grounds was made. The walks run straight through in line with the principal streets, and the trees are in parallel rows; yet the result is one of the prettiest little parks in all the regions round about. Commercial

and other travelers have remarked that it is the prettiest to be found in any town of the size of Plymouth within the State. This is a flattering remark, for the truth of which we do not vouch. The trees in the park have attained an average height of not less than thirty feet, and afford a dense shade over the whole ground. The grass is well set. There is an excellent well of water within the grounds; and that nothing should be wanting to make the place desirable, not only for recreation, but for public out-door meetings, a speaker's stand has been erected, from which orators may hold forth upon the various topics of public interest, to an acre and a quarter audience, provided they are able to draw so much of a crowd.

The Cemetery. One of the first needs of a town has been among the last provided by the citizens of Plymouth: viz., a suitable and convenient place for the burial of their dead. A few facts may be worthy of statement in this connection. Colonel James Clark, one of the founders of the town, died, and was buried on his own premises north of Plymouth. After his death the family removed from the place, and the property passed into other hands. Several transfers of it have since been made. None of the various

owners had any personal interest in preserving the grave, and the result is that the site of it is lost and the ground in cultivation. There is a family burying ground on the premises of Mr. B. A. Eidson, used mainly for the family of his father-in-law, Mr. Samuel Haggard, deceased. Another for the Gaylord family, in a good location on the banks of Flour Creek, near Mr. McPheeter's, on premises formerly owned by the Gaylords, but now in other hands, except a reservation including the burying ground. This family burying ground affords as good a text as any for a remark we wish to make concerning private burial places: viz., that they are very likely to fall into disuse, neglect, and destruction, as such, in a very few generations. The premises surrounding the Gaylord burial place is already in other hands; but three families remain in the neighborhood who have a personal interest in keeping it up. They do not expect to use it further, and the changes of another generation may leave no one here to care for it.

Another burying ground, on the premises of Dr. A. W. King, was first a family burial place, and afterwards opened to the public and reserved as such in its more recent transfers. This has been in disuse since the

opening of the Plymouth Cemetery, and many of the bodies taken up and removed to Plymouth. Many graves, however, still remain; the fence has decayed, and as a burial place it is fast going to ruins. There are none left with sufficient interest in the remaining graves to keep up the grounds or to remove the bodies.

The Burton burying ground, three miles southeast of Plymouth, has come into such general use that it will undoubtedly be kept up as a public necessity for that neighborhood and a considerable community beyond it.

The Plymouth Cemetery Association was organized in May, 1867. A lot was selected on the premises of J. W. Bell, northeast of the old town plat, adjoining the premises of Mr. E. Davis, and bounded on the east by the railroad. The lot contains about six acres, and cost the association seventy-five dollars per acre. Including with this the cost of laying out and fencing the grounds, and other incidental expenses, the association have expended about \$1,000. Their receipts from the sale of lots have been about \$900. When the receipts from the sale of lots shall exceed the expenses, the constitution of the association provides that

all surplus shall be expended in improving and ornamenting the grounds.

The first interment in the cemetery was that of Mr. J. J. Browning, August 10th, 1867. During the eight years it has been in use, there have been sixty-eight deaths and interments, and twenty-four bodies have been taken up elsewhere, and reinterred here. The deaths and interments in this cemetery for the past eight years represents the average death rate in a population that will not vary greatly from one thousand persons. This will give an annual average death rate of eight and a half persons to the thousand.

As showing the difference between the rate of mortality in some of the larger cities and our little country town, we give the following statistics :

	POPULATION.	DEATHS PER 1000.
New York.....	1,000,000	32.6
Philadelphia.....	728,000.....	26.1
Chicago.....	400,000.....	23.29
Pittsburg.....	86,076.....	27.3
Cincinnati.....	250,000.....	20.5
St. Louis.....	400,000.....	20.1

The average rate of deaths per thousand persons in the above-named cities, is 24.98, or nearly three times greater than that of Plymouth and vicinity.

CHAPTER XII.

We resume the business history of Plymouth in this chapter, with the purpose of bringing it down to the present time. It is not our purpose to make this record of the business enterprises of our town absolutely full and complete, for the reason that a number of them have been too short lived and unimportant to deserve a permanent record here. We shall endeavor, however, to make it sufficiently full for all practical purposes. We shall have occasion, in this chapter, to repeat some items that have been stated in a previous one, for reasons that will be apparent as we proceed.

William M. King, Esq., demands some further notice, on account of some changes in his business arrangements that have not been previously noticed. Another store building was put up on the east half of lot 9, adjoining the old premises on the west, and the old place sold out. This did duty for several years, and was then moved back to make room for the building now occupied by John A. Hamilton. In this location Mr. King had in partnership with him, for successive periods, J. H. Denny, A. J. Duncan,

and J. A. Hamilton. In the spring of 1869 Mr. King's sons, W. E. and William B., under the firm name of *King Brothers*, bought out the store that C. M. Currens had owned and run for a time. Here they carried on business, in the Randolph building, until 1871, when they formed a partnership with their father, under the firm name of *William M. King & Sons*. The new firm rented the corner store on the east side of the square, of J. W. Bell, where they have continued to do a large and increasing business. We may note further changes in contemplation and in progress, that the firm will develop fully with the opening of the year 1876. The elder son, William B., will retire from the firm at the close of the year 1875, in order to take charge of an extensive farm of 600 acres, that he has recently purchased east of Colmar. The firm has purchased the Randolph property on the south side, and also the Hill property adjoining, and are refitting and improving it to meet their increasing business requirements.

Philip Metzgar's business changes, improvements, etc., require further notice. The Metzgar property, on the south side, west half of lot 9, after passing through various hands, as previously noted, came into pos-

session of parties in New York, from whom Mr. Metzgar bought it in 1863. He carried on business here until 1870, when the building then on the place was moved to the east side—now the stove and hardware establishment of *Metzgar & Miller*--and the present building put up in its place. Mr. Metzgar has had in partnership with him, successively, Benjamin Warner and Lemuel H. Johnson. The latter retired from the firm in 1873, since which time Henry G. Metzgar has been nominally sole proprietor.

King's and Metzgar's establishments are not only the oldest now in the place, but for some years have done the most extensive business of any. It is a matter that may justly cause a little local pride, that the business managers in these two houses now, are young men who have grown up in the place, and find here plenty of room in which to develop their energy, through which, to a good degree, the business started by their fathers has been pushed into the front rank. We refer to Whitney E. King and Henry G. Metzgar, who have earned and justly deserve the esteem and confidence of their large circle of business and other acquaintances.

Metzgar & Miller's establishment de-

erves a place in this connection, as it is a branch of the Metzgar concern. The building—referred to above—stands on lot 2, block 15. It is the one built by J. J. Hipple in 1855, and moved as above stated. The firm was started in 1870, and stocked in part by a division of the stock of Metzgar & Co., the hardware carried by the old house being transferred to the new firm, and to which stoves and tinware were added. Mr. Metzgar, having built up two large business establishments in Plymouth, and placed his son in charge of one, and his son-in-law in charge of the other, is thus relieved from any necessity for active duty in either, yet keeps himself in a position, as partner in both, to foster the interests of each.

John A. Hamilton's earlier business history in Plymouth has been alluded to in connection with that of J. W. Bell in a former chapter, his partnership with Mr. Bell extending over a period of about eight years—from 1854 to the fall of 1862. For the next few years Mr. Hamilton was in business in Carthage in connection with Dr. J. M. Randolph, and also for a short time afterward in the city of Cincinnati. Returning from the latter place, he formed a partnership with William M. King, Esq., and com-

menced business again in Plymouth, January 1st, 1868. This arrangement continued for three years, when the firm dissolved, and King & Sons removed to the old stand of J. W. Bell, Mr. Hamilton remaining at King's old stand, where he continues to carry on the business on his own account.

J. M. Randolph, M. D. In a previous chapter we have given some account of his business history up to the time of the dissolution of the firm of Randolph & Hendrickson in 1856. From this time Dr. Randolph carried on the business until 1860, when his brother-in-law, C. M. Currens went into partnership with him. This arrangement continued until 1867, when the firm dissolved and Dr. Randolph removed to Carthage, where he had already had a business house carried on for some years. His milling business here has been noticed in connection with Randolph's addition to Plymouth.

C. M. Currens came to Plymouth in 1860, and, as stated above, was in partnership with Dr. Randolph until 1867. On the Doctor's removal to Carthage at this time, Mr. Currens continued the business at the old stand until 1869, when he sold out his merchandise stock and bought the steam flouring mill, to which his personal attention has since been

given. The business career of Randolph & Currens has been a successful one. The Doctor came to Plymouth at perhaps the best time in its history to build up a prosperous business; and that he had the tact and energy to do it is attested, not only by his success here, but by his successful management of various other similar enterprises elsewhere at the same time. Mr. Currens united his means and his energy with the Doctor's in good time to reap the richest business harvest the past history of Plymouth has produced. The period of their partnership, however, was not all business sunshine, as it included some of the decline in prosperity that followed the inflated period of war times.

Thomas Rockey located at Lamoine Mill in 1856. He bought the mill property of John Hendrickson and occupied it about three years, during which time Mr. Hendrickson died. Mr. Rockey failing to meet the payments on the property, it reverted again to the Hendrickson estate, and was sold by the administrator. Mr. Rockey then moved to Plymouth, where he built the residence now occupied by Rev. Doctor Corfield, in 1861. In the spring of 1868, on his return from a visit to Ireland, he bought the

east half of lot 9, block 16, and the old store building of J. W. Bell, that stood upon the east end of the Ralston place, which he moved to the lot just designated, and in the early part of summer opened a store. He continued in business here until late in 1869, when he closed up and removed to Berwick, Illinois, with his establishment. His present residence is Bushnell, Illinois.

The present occupant of the premises on the corner, *John Bagby*, succeeded John W. Shaffer in the drug business in 1874.

Jacob Elliott. In a previous chapter we noticed the commencement of Mr. Elliott's business in 1854, the firm being then *Sayler & Elliott*. For several years Mr. Elliott continued to do quite an extensive business in general merchandise. He also put up a *hay press*, and for some time did quite a business in baling and shipping hay, broom corn, etc. In 1864—perhaps earlier—he removed to Canton, from which place he came when he commenced business here, and where he still resides.

In the location occupied by Mr. Elliott—lot 8, block 16—there have been a number of occupants since, some of which we shall refer to elsewhere. Among these we notice here, *Cyrus Elliot*, who was engaged in mer-

chandise about two years. He then traded his stock and business with *J. W. Whittington*, who had bought the hay press in 1864 and run it up to this time. Mr. Whittington's mercantile career was cut short by his sudden death from cholera in September, 1866. He was succeeded by S. K. Gaylord, and he again by John Hill for a few months, and he by Jay Davis for a short time.

Jay Davis, in connection with S. K. Gaylord, has been variously engaged in the hay, grain, and stock business, and more lately as partner with George Smith in a steam saw mill that was built by J. H. Young in Plymouth, and moved by Smith & Davis to the timber on Flour Creek, near Birmingham. Soon after this removal of the mill, Davis sold out to his partner, and is again in the grain business.

Gustavus Michaelis set up a harness making establishment in Plymouth in August, 1869. In the fall of 1872 he built the brick house on the west half of lot 8, block 16. In addition to the value of this building as a business house, it is of great value to all the owners of property in the block, as presenting the only barrier to a sweeping fire in a long row of wooden buildings.

William H. Van Dorn, watchmaker and

druggist, was a resident of Plymouth from 1858 to 1861. The building on the east half of lot 7, block 16, now occupied and owned by Henry Tuck, was fitted up by Dr. M. M. Hooten and occupied by Mr. Van Dorn, where he carried on both branches of business named above.

The Farmer's Club came into possession of this property after Mr. Van Dorn left. This organization was formed in 1859, and established a Union Store, the leading object in view being to inaugurate the cash system, which was not greatly in vogue at that time. The establishment was successful for about five or six years, and paid fair dividends; it then passed into private hands. The agent of the Farmer's Club, into whose hands the stock passed, found that doing business on borrowed capital, and on a declining market, as was the case for some time after the war, was not profitable. He then tried *The Banking Business*. This business being done on the system so popular previous to the elections of 1875, has furnished the operator an instructive lesson that all *inflationists* are likely to learn sooner or later. The banking business in Plymouth, on the inflation scheme, resulted as all inflation schemes of banking must, if worked out

to their legitimate end. Debt as a foundation, instead of capital, and promises to pay as a circulating medium, work finely so long as the *promises* are current in the market; but when a financial pressure urges the demand for *redemption* beyond a certain limit, a collapse is inevitable. Our banker found it so in his experience. Some European nations have found it so in theirs. The writer would regret to see our government repeat the folly.

The premises last referred to passed into the possession of *Henry Tuck* in 1870, where he still continues the boot and shoe business as noticed in a previous chapter.

David Currens is the owner of the west half of lot 7. He bought the Fitzgerald property of F. M. Kinsey in 1863, and carried on business there until 1867, when he made a trade with T. C. Fitzgerald, then of Doddsville, by which they exchanged locations. Mr. Currens remained in Doddsville about a year, and then returned to Plymouth, where he resumed business at the place stated above, on lot 7. In 1871 he removed from Plymouth, returning to his native place in Pennsylvania, where he resumed the profession of teacher — that to which his atten-

tion had been mainly devoted before coming west.

Joseph T. Klepper, boot and shoe maker, began business in Plymouth in 1865. He built the shop now standing on the premises of Mr. Terry, east side of lot 6. He occupied the place but a short time, when he sold to H. A. Jones. Mr. Klepper died in 1874.

Henry A. Jones came from the State of "Ar-kan-saw" during the war, in 1864. Of the various trades and occupations for which his past experience had abundantly fitted him, *barbering*, in this location, seemed to be the profession into which he settled down with more grace and dignity than any other that he attempted; and in the pursuit of which, by shaving and saving, he has acquired a snug property. Were his literary acquirements equal to his natural ability, Baron Munchausen would have in him a noted rival.

David B. Rankin carried on a restaurant in what was then a part of the Randolph property; commencing in 1868 and closing in 1870, at which time he removed with his family to Moberly, Missouri. He was succeeded in this business by

William H. Marsh, during the years

1870-71, or rather by some members of his family. Mr. Marsh came to Plymouth in 1865, and has carried on business as a cooper continuously since that time. His shop is on Jefferson Lane, corner of Lexington street. His brother *John Marsh* was in business with him here for several years, and also for some years previous in connection with John Wintermeyer, their shop being in the east part of the town, corner of Church and Summer streets. Another brother, *Edward Marsh*, has been engaged in the shop more recently.

Lewis Graham's business, and location on the corner of the square, lot 3, has been previously noticed. The building he occupies was put up by himself in 1856. This property, with the adjoining buildings on lot 3, block 16, is now owned by John Matteson.

There has been a considerable number of persons occupying, and quite a variety in the kinds of business carried on in the two small buildings adjoining Mr. Graham's; Samuel Tibbetts, George W. Ross, and Carroll & Wade being, perhaps, the most prominent. The present occupants are *Mrs. Gregory*, dressmaker, and *Miss Grafton*, milliner. Of the latter we may say, that, while she has tried various other places of

business—even as far west as California, Plymouth has been her most permanent abiding place and most successful place of business. She has catered to the votaries of the goddess of fashion, here, these—years, how many, “this deponent saith not.” We trust the fashion of her familiar countenance may not change for many years to come, as do the fleeting fashions in which she deals.

John H. Lawton bought the premises of D. P. Palmer—lot 2, block 16—in 1856, and for a few years carried on business in the lines of furniture, stoves and tinware. In 1861 he received the appointment as postmaster; this he retained until 1865. At this time he sold out to John E. Bybee, and retired to a small farm south of Plymouth, where he rusticates amid fruits, flowers, etc.

John E. Bybee commenced business as above stated in 1865. He was soon joined by his father-in-law, and the firm of Bybee & Terry have carried on a considerable business, for the past ten years, in general merchandise. Their stand is among the oldest places of business in the place.

The store adjoining theirs on the north was built by *F. M. Kinsey* in 1860. He car-

ried on business here until 1863, when he sold out to *David Currens*, as we have previously stated. The property came into the possession of

T. C. Fitzgerald in 1867, who still owns and occupies it. He has been in mercantile business but a part of the time since his residence in Plymouth, and his residence here has not been continuous. He removed to Macomb and was engaged in business there for a time, returning to Plymouth early in 1873.

The premises on the corner, lot 1, block 16, was built by *Reuben Munday* in 1860, and used by *Munday & Madison* as a blacksmith shop, for about three years. The building was then fitted up for a store, and occupied by *Munday & Edrington* for a time. The next occupant was

E. D. Haggard, who carried on a stove and tinware business for a short time. Samuel Haggard being appointed postmaster in the latter part of 1865, kept the office at this place until his brother sold to Ross in 1867, when he moved it to the store of S. K. Gaylord, on the south side, as previously stated. The Haggards were succeeded by

The Rosses, father and sons—James R. Ross, John A. Ross and Henry H. Ross.

Under different firm names these parties carried on business about four years, principally in the line of hardware and groceries. They were succeeded by

James Wade in the same line of business. He continued for about two years, and then went into partnership with his brother in the drug business. The building is now occupied by Albert Walty as a ware room.

Martin Mesick established himself in Plymouth in the wagon making business in 1864, and still continues to carry it on. His son, E. D. Mesick, has recently taken an interest in the establishment, making *painting* a specialty, although working in the wood shop as occasion requires. Their present shop, on West Main street near the square, was built in 1868. Mr. Mesick worked previously in a shop on the west end of the same lot.

Edward Madison, whose partnership with Reuben Munday in the blacksmithing business has been spoken of, carried on a shop afterwards on his own account, on another part of the same lot, on West Main street. He was succeeded by *Andrew J. Masengill* in 1866, who still continues the business in the same location.

Albert Walty came to Plymouth in 1856

worked and for a short time at his trade, as tinner, with John H. Lawton. In 1857 he opened a shop on his own account in a part of the building then owned by Randolph—now King & Son. In 1859 he sold out to F. M. Kinsey, then doing business on the Metzgar corner. In 1860 Mr. Walty established himself in Carthage, where he carried on a prosperous business. In 1865 he sold out in Carthage and returned to Plymouth. He bought the residence of Dr. M. M. Hooton, but sold it soon after to Mr. Terry, who still owns and occupies it. He also bought the place he now occupies, then the hotel property of Samuel Ralston. With some changes which are scarcely worthy of notice here, Mr. Walty has carried on business in this location for the past ten years. His stock consists of stoves and tinware, hardware, furniture and agricultural implements. In 1868 Mr. Walty made a trip to Europe. During his absence his store was occupied by

W. W. Pond, who carried on a grocery business. Mr. Pond's business career at this place was not of long continuance, as on Mr. Walty's return, he removed to Ipava, where he is now in business.

We have already noted numerous changes

in the occupation of the premises now owned by Mr. Walty. But there are more still, which may as well be stated here. After its occupation by Sherman & Johnson in 1854-55, it came into possession of *John Hendrickson* in 1856, who occupied it until his death the same year.

It was afterwards occupied by *John H. Lawton*, and by Dr. *J. R. Ross*, previous to its occupation by Samuel Ralston in 1860 and 1865 inclusive.

Bidwell, Brother & Boman. The senior member of this firm, and the establishment of the business, have been previously noticed. *Andrew Bidwell*, the younger brother, learned his trade principally, and worked with his brother *Está* until 1866, when he became a partner in the establishment. In the latter part of 1872, *John W. Boman*, whose business has been referred to in a previous chapter, also became a member of the firm. Both this firm and Mr. Mesick's are giving more attention, of late, to a finer class of carriage work than formerly, and with good success.

David W. Huddleston, who now owns a blacksmith shop on lot 3, block 9, commenced his business in Plymouth in 1864, working for a year or more with R. Munday

on the west side,—afterwards with E. Madison,—then for a time on his own account in Mr. Higby's shop on the north side—more recently with J. W. Boman on East Main street, and now, for two years past, on his own account at the place first named.

A. S. Newman has been noticed in a previous chapter as buying out the establishment of T. P. Montgomery, M. D., on the northwest corner of the square, in 1857. He and his brother, N. F. Newman, continued to occupy the premises for about ten years, when that and the buildings on the adjoining lot east were swept away by fire. A. S. Newman afterwards fitted up a room for business purposes at his residence on West Main street. His death occurred March 12th, 1873.

N. F. Newman has given some attention to the lumber business during the past few years.

William E. Odell put up a building on lot 2, block 9, in the spring of 1856, fitted both for business and residence purposes. He commenced business in the mercantile line here, but continued it only for a short time, returning to his farm at St. Mary's. Bell & Hamilton occupied the building during the summer of 1858, after they were burnt out

on the east side. The Odell property was bought by William M. King, Esq., and traded by him to Henry Tuck, and again traded by him to N. B. Lawrence for the farm he has occupied for several years. We may as well say here that *Henry Tuck* has added another farm to his possessions recently as a result of driving shoe pegs. How many more farms he will own before he drives his last peg, we suppose is largely a question of time. The farm just bought is that of Christopher W. Johnson, lying two and a half miles west of Plymouth, and near Mr. Tuck's other farm.

Machenheimer & Lawrence occupied the Odell building and carried on a general mercantile business during a part of the years 1859 and 1860. For the next two or three years there were several occupants and a variety of occupations, among which were confectioners, beer and whisky saloons, all of which were short lived.

Joseph A. Currens was the last occupant of the premises. He commenced the stove, tinware and furniture business in 1863; sold out the business to Albert Walty in 1865, and soon after fitted up the house for a hotel. This establishment, with Mr. Tuck's shoe shop adjoining, and the Newman build-

ing, were all burned down March 8th, 1867.

John G. Follin, M. D., owns and occupies lot 1, block 9, as a residence. The doctor came to Plymouth in 1864, and has built up a good practice. The former occupant of the doctor's place was T. L. Gannon, whose business in and retirement from Plymouth the first of the year 1866, have been previously noticed.

Mahlon D. Gillis, dentist, occupies lot 6, block 10, with one of the finest residences in the town. This was built in 1869, and is on the site of the first building put up after the town was laid out, and was somewhat notorious afterwards as the Mormon Hotel.

Mr. Gillis came to Plymouth in 1864; has been engaged in the milling business here and at Bowen for some years; has also been in the lumber business. More recently he has adopted the profession of *dentistry*, and is following it with good success.

Dr. Follin's neat office and *Wright's** *Picture Gallery*, which is not so neat in outside appearance, but turns out work as neat as the neatest, completes the list of business and other establishments on the north side of the square.

Robert H. Ellis commenced business in Plymouth in 1866. For four years he car-

* Since removed.

ried on the wool carding business; but as this occupied only a part of the season, other enterprises were connected with it. The carding business of 1866 was done in a building now used as a dwelling, in the northwest part of the town, on lot 1, block 6. The next year, in partnership with J. W. Shaffer, the large building now known as the Post Office Building, on lot 7, block 10, was erected. The firm of *Shaffer & Ellis* carried on the wool carding, lumber and hardware business during the years 1867 and 1868, Mr. Ellis continuing the carding business for one year after the dissolution of the firm. The machinery in the building was then sold and removed, and the house fitted up for business and residence purposes. Mr. Ellis has since been engaged dealing in stock and lumber until recently, when he entered the establishment of King & Sons as salesman.

Mrs. Wright's bakery and restaurant and the *post office* now occupy the business rooms in the Ellis Building.

Mrs. Belknap is the owner of lot 8, block 10, upon which is the carpenter shop and lumber yard carried on by J. W. Shaffer, and also *Kennedy's* barber shop. The previous occupants of the premises were, one

Noper, a German tailor, who made cheap clothing through the week, and with it on his arm peddled it out on Sunday to the hands then at work on the railroad. *T. L. Gannon's* wagon shop was also upon this lot after the dissolution of the firm of *Gannon & Garvin*.

Samuel Ralston, proprietor of the *Ralston House*, commenced the hotel business in Plymouth in 1860. He occupied the Walty building—which had been used for this business for half-a-dozen years previously—from 1860 to 1865, when he sold it to Mr. Walty and bought his present stand, which he has occupied continuously since, except a brief absence with his family in Washington from december, 1871, until March, 1873. His son carries on the *harness making* business now in a part of the same building.

James Stone bought the property now owned by Mr. Ralston, after Gannon & Garvin's occupation of it with their wagon shop. He fitted up and occupied a dwelling house there for a time, then moved it to block 5, and built what is now the main part of the *Ralston House*.

H. A. Markley commenced the boot and shoe business here in 1858, occupying the premises just referred to above. He re-

mained in business at this place until 1863, when he removed to Indiana. Afterwards he established himself in business in Quincy, where he now is.

Mrs. E. S. Haines received the appointment as *postmistress* in April, 1868. She occupied the part of J. W. Bell's building now used by S. K. Gaylord, and kept, in connection with the post office, a fancy store. Her administration of the office was, in many respects, an improvement on that of her predecessors; and in conducting its business, she proved, not only a woman's *right* to be, but her *capability* of being, an efficient public officer. Mrs. Haines resigned the office and removed to Moberly, Missouri, in the spring of 1872.

Samuel K. Gaylord commenced business in Plymouth in the fall of 1866, buying out the stock of general merchandise that had been owned by J. W. Whittington, who had died but a short time before. He continued the business at the place which Whittington had occupied, on the south side, lot 8, block 16, until the fall of 1868. From that time until in the spring of 1873 he was engaged in the hay business, in the season for it, and in the grain business in connection with Jay Davis, under the firm name of *Gaylord &*

Davis, also in buying and shipping hogs in connection with William H. Bell, under the firm name of *Bell & Gaylord*.

At the date above named Mr. Gaylord bought the stock of *boots, shoes and clothing* of J. W. Bell on his retirement from business, and has since continued in the same line of trade at the place of business last occupied by Mr. Bell on the east side of the square.

Adjoining Mr. Gaylord's place of business is the *millinery and dressmaking* establishment of *Mrs. R. M. Taylor*. The premises were formerly owned and occupied by *Miss A. G. Grafton*, then and now in the same line of business, but now on the opposite side of the square.

W. P. Widup, and *Widup & Brother*, dealers in furniture, and cabinet makers, carried on business in the shop on lot 3, block 15, adjoining Metzgar & Miller's hardware store, from the latter part of 1867 until 1871. *W. P. Widup* died January 15, 1871. The brother, *A. W. Widup*, is now in business in Springfield, Illinois.

John W. Shaffer established himself in Plymouth as a carpenter and builder in 1855, and a few years later added the lumber business in connection with his trade. In 1867,

in partnership with R. H. Ellis, the firm put up what is now known as the Post Office Building, and carried on the wool carding, lumber and hardware business. After the dissolution of the firm, in 1869, Mr. Shaffer bought out the interest of J. S. Carroll in the drug store of Carroll & Wade, on the west side of the square. This business was continued under the firm name of Wade & Shaffer for about two years, when Mr. Shaffer bought out his partner and continued the business on his own account until 1874, when he sold out to John Bagby.

After buying out the drug business, Mr. Shaffer remained, for about a year, at the old stand on the west side, then removed to the shop on lot 3, block 15—east side. He remained here until 1874, when he bought the property on the corner of lot 9, block 16, made an addition to it, fitted it up for business, and moved into it but a short time before selling out, as above stated, to John Bagby. In the way of business, Mr. Shaffer has returned to first principles, having engaged again in the lumber trade, together with the carpenter's business.

James S. Carroll, in connection with a Mr. Vail, established a drug business in Plymouth in 1865. The next year the firm was

changed to *Carroll & Wade*, and so continued till 1869, when Mr. Carroll sold out to J. W. Shaffer. On retiring from business in Plymouth, Mr. Carroll devoted himself to the profession of music, spending some time in Boston under the best instruction to be had in that city. He afterwards established himself in his profession in Grafton, West Virginia, where he is now in successful practice as teacher, etc.

Wade & Brother. W. D. Wade, M. D., commenced the practice of medicine in 1864. In 1866 he bought the town property and practice of Dr. A. W. King, the property being that now occupied by the firm, and formerly owned by William M. King, Esq. The same year he formed a partnership, as above stated, with J. S. Carroll in the drug business, and afterwards with J. W. Shaffer in the same line.

In 1873 the firm was *Wade & Bagby*, and in 1874 it took its present form—*Wade & Brother*.

John McGrew, M. D., located in Plymouth in the practice of medicine in 1870. Office and residence at the southeast corner of the square.

Newell Sapp, M. D., after several years' practice in Birmingham, removed to Ply-

mouth in 1866, where he has retained a large share of his former practice, together with the new practice gained by his removal. His office and residence are on the corner of East Main and Union streets. His residence has lately been remodeled, enlarged, and greatly improved, making now the most stylish house in the place.

Lumber Dealers. Among those not previously noticed, we name, without particularizing, the following: viz., James Irwin, Charles O. Walton, Walker & Ross, T. O. Fortner, and Post & Sapp.

Thomas J. Farley came to Plymouth in 1855, worked at blacksmithing for Higby & Munday about a year, and then went into partnership with John Hayden in the same line of business. Here he remained until his enlistment in the army in March, 1863. After his discharge in 1865 he removed to Macomb, where he still resides.

Carpenters. Among those who are now, or have previously been, residents of Plymouth for a considerable period of time, we mention, as engaged in this line of business, *C. H. Dodd, James H. Graham, James W. Johnson* (now of Carthage), *Robert Morrison*, and *Thomas W. Monk*.

SUMMARY OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER, 1875.

Agricultural Implements. Bidwell & Co.,
Albert Walty.

Boots and Shoes. S. K. Gaylord, Henry
Tuck.

Blacksmiths. Bidwell & Co., D. W. Hud-
dleston, A. J. Massengill.

Bricklayers. T. C. Fitzgerald, William S.
Hendricks.

Butcher. W. D. Burdett.

Barbers. H. A. Jones, George Kennedy.

Clothing. Samuel K. Gaylord.

Cabinet Maker and Undertaker. Lewis
Graham.

Carriage Makers. Bidwell & Co., M.
Mesick & Son.

Carpenters. C. H. Dodd, N. H. Grafton,
James H. Graham, Thomas Monk, — —
Mourning, J. W. Shaffer.

Drugs. John C. Bagby, H. G. Metzgar,
Wade & Brother.

Dentist. Mahlon D. Gillis.

Dry Goods, Groceries, etc. Bybee & Terry,
John A. Hamilton, William M. King & Sons,
Henry G. Metzgar.

Drayman. H. C. Nicholson.

Furniture. H. G. Metzgar, Albert Walty.

Flouring Mill. C. M. Currens.

Grain Dealer. Jay Davis.

Hotels. Cuyler House, by W. F. Cuyler ;
Ralston House, by Mrs. Ada Evans & Co.

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware. Metzgar
& Miller, Albert Walty.

Harness Makers. Gustavus Michaelis,
Metzgar & Co., Samuel Ralston.

Jewelry Repairs. — — Wilson.

Lumber Dealer. J. W. Shaffer.

Livery Stable. W. D. Burdett.

Ministers. J. D. Baker, Congregational ;
W. F. Cellar, Presbyterian ; — — Corfield,
Baptist ; R. G. Hobbs, M. E. ; L. Osborn,
Baptist.

Milliners and Dress Makers. Miss A. G.
Grafton, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Kate Pigman,
Mrs. R. M. Taylor.

Physicians. John G. Follin, John Mc-
Grew, Newell Sapp, William D. Wade.

Painters. S. C. Gilbert, E. D. Mesick.

Restaurants. Mrs. Wright, Clem. Belote.

Stationery. E. J. Ellis, P. M.

Station and Express Agent. R. C. Mi-
chaels.

AVERAGE ANNUAL AMOUNT OF BUSINESS.

We close the business record of the place with some facts and figures concerning the amount of business done. Through the kindness of Mr. R. C. Michaels, station

agent, we have been permitted to gather statistics from the books of the railroad company, upon which the following statements of facts, and estimates drawn therefrom, are based. The facts, we are confident, will be of interest to our readers, although the comparison they may be the means of furnishing with other points might not be flattering to our pride. In making these estimates we have taken three periods seven years apart: viz., 1858, 1865 and 1872, which we think will give a fair average of the business of Plymouth for the past twenty years.

Contributions to the Railroad Company by the business of Plymouth:

	1858.	1865.	1872.
For freight received,	\$4,753.96	\$7,645.08	\$3,293.30
“ “ forwarded,	<u>4,520.93</u>	<u>6,763.47</u>	<u>6,214.40</u>
Total,	\$9,274.89	\$14,408.55	\$9,507.70

Average amount paid annually for freights,	\$11,063.81
“ “ “ “ tickets,	2,665.42
“ “ “ “ to express company,	<u>1,876.58</u>
“ total railroad business, Plymouth station,	\$15,605.81

Sales of merchandise. In making our estimates of the amount of merchandise sold in Plymouth, we have taken the amount paid for freights received, as three and a half per cent. of the valuation of the merchandise

upon which such freight was paid, which gives the following results :

For 1858,	\$4,753.06	=	3½	per cent. of	\$135,860.57
" 1865,	7,645.08	=	"	"	218,419.93
" 1872,	3,293.30	=	"	"	94,089.58
Average amount of merchandise sold,					\$149,456.69
To which we add for merchandise <i>received by express,</i>					
Annual average \$765.93 = 8 per cent. of					<u>\$9,574.12</u>
Total annual sales,					\$159,030.81

CHAPTER XIII.

We group together in this chapter several subjects that have no connection with each other. And first among them is the important subject of

Temperance Crusading. Local incidents in the history of Round Prairie and Plymouth, furnish the material with which to illustrate three prominent features in the temperance movement: viz., *moral suasion*, *physical suasion* and *legal suasion*.

While Plymouth people might profit by some of the suggestions of Dr. Dio Lewis, in future efforts against intemperance, their own past history is of much practical value as a guide for the future.

The earliest important public movement

in the temperance cause on Round Prairie, was in 1842. This was a ripple in the great *Washingtonian* wave that swept over pretty much the whole country. The culminating point in the movement here was the

Temperance barbecue on the place of Mr. Allen Melton, now owned by Mr. Klepper. The gathering there was a grand mass meeting of the people for discussion, conference and action concerning the interests of the temperance cause. The meeting was not distinguished by the presence of any great speakers, nor was it at all formal in its character; but earnest men spoke as occasion seemed to require. The discussion of the subject was also carried on between individuals, and in groups, and the pledge was circulated and held ready for signature at all times. The Rushville Band was present, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion by the music they furnished. One of the members of the band—Grove Cunningham—was also a very acceptable and popular contributor to the entertainment by a liberal supply of temperance songs, which he gave from time to time, as needed to furnish the variety so desirable in a well-ordered programme. Thus the great meeting went on for two days; nor were the physical wants

of the company neglected. On the first day two tables, each sixty feet long, were spread with *beef*, *pork* and *mutton*, barbecued in the most approved style of the art, and furnished with the necessary accompaniments of a good, substantial meal.

On the second day, after having preached, talked, sung, and drank *cold water*, with so much fervor, the company had become so greatly imbued with the spirit of the element, that the grand feast of the day consisted of WATER—*mclons*. These had been brought in by the wagon load, and were cut and so arranged on the tables as to produce the best artistic effect from the variety of colors, so that the eye and palate were both feasted at once.

Thus passed away one of the most memorable and unique temperance meetings ever held on Round Prairie. The immediate effect of the meeting was, that the temperance movement made nearly a clean sweep of the entire community; scarcely any were left, at the close of the meeting, who had not signed the pledge; some of the hardest cases were induced to sign the pledge, *on trial, for a limited time*, and some of this class proved permanent recruits in the temperance ranks.

Another effect of the meeting was, that

the impulse given to the temperance cause here, spread out into the adjoining communities. Young men took the pledge and carried it from house to house in "the regions beyond," and in this way secured recruits in large numbers.

The influence of that meeting rolls on still, widening out as it flows down the stream of time. Its plainest manifestation at the present time, is seen in the strong element of temperance sentiment in the older citizens of the place, who were brought under its influence. The lessons of this movement are too apparent to need any comment. The means used to advance the cause were such as meet universal approval. No argument is now made against *moral suasion*; it is legitimate, always timely, and a great need now is, more of it. Another feature in the temperance movement, of which our history furnishes illustrative incidents, is that of

Physical suasion. As this leads us upon debatable ground, we will state our position briefly before proceeding to detail the incidents. Physical suasion in promoting temperance, we class as among the desperate remedies, often an absolute necessity in desperate cases. Blowing up a building with gunpowder, under ordinary circumstances,

would be a desperate act to commit upon the premises of a neighbor; yet, if a great fire is sweeping down building after building in its resistless onward march, and the engines are found too weak to wrestle with the fire fiend, or the supply of water inadequate to quench the flames,—if, in short, ordinary means fail, or are too tardy in their action, prompt and thorough destruction of some valuable buildings may be the wisest and most economical measure that can be devised to resist the destroying element. The case supposed is a desperate one, and can only be met by a desperate remedy—a remedy that under ordinary circumstances would be altogether inadmissible. During the building of the railroad through here in 1854–55, the heavy work about Flour Creek, and at the Big Fill just north of town, kept a large number of men employed for a long time in our immediate vicinity. A considerable number of these were a class of Irish that took to whisky as naturally as young ducks take to water. And when they got access to the whisky, the next thing in order was a row, in which, if nobody was seriously hurt, things generally were so deranged, and the workmen so unfitted for duty, that loss to all parties was an inevitable result.

CONTRACTOR WING TRIES PHYSICAL SUASION.

There had been one row already at Flour Creek, in which, to say nothing of other results, one man had been seriously stabbed. The elements were about ripe for another. An old Irish woman had just got a barrel of whisky on the ground, with which to turn an honest penny, and make an honest (?) living for herself, poor soul. For aught we know, it may have been her entire worldly possession. Certain it is, that for want of a shanty to put it in, she had stored it under the friendly shelter of a fallen tree top.

The Sabbath day had come. Its immunity from labor, and a full barrel of whisky at the same time, formed a combination of circumstances that it needed no prophet to foresee portended a blaze. One of the contractors, Mr. Wing, saw the danger, and was ready to meet it. He did not think a temperance lecture and the circulation of the pledge would answer the purpose in that company, and at that time. Nor would legal process reach the case in time, as it could not even be commenced until the next day, when that particular fire would have burnt itself out. Some shorter, surer process must be devised. Calling around him

a few responsible citizens as a posse to guard against any interference by the Irishmen, and to show them that his course had the approval and support of the citizens, Mr. Wing appeared on the ground armed with a sledge hammer, a few vigorous blows with which, upon the head of the whisky barrel, placed the whisky where it was in no danger of doing further harm. The old woman had true Irish pluck, ready to fight for her rights, and while Mr. Wing plied her whisky barrel with the sledge hammer, she plied him with her shillelah, but without more serious damage than knocking off his hat and scattering the papers it contained.

This was a peculiarly hard case, as estimated by a stickler for strict adherence to the law. A terrible outrage on the rights, and upon the property of a poor woman, and that upon the plea of being a remedy for simply presumptive evils, which might never have occurred. Exactly so! And so might the fire have burned itself out before reaching the buildings blown up to stop its progress. They were destroyed only because of a *presumption* that they and others might be burned if not so destroyed. In both these cases estimates can be made of damages sustained in the destruction of

property, and the legalist who can or will see no further, may demand that his bill be paid. But this account is not yet closed, nor can it be until an estimate be made of what was saved by its destruction. This is a fair offset, and must be allowed in final settlement. The adjustment is simply deferred until the Great Judgment Day, which alone can close the account properly.

Case No. 2. Physical suasion vs. Claybourn Wilson. Mr. Wilson was a man of some means, and importance in society; was backed by respectable, numerous and influential friends; a man of such intelligence, as that he "knew his rights," and was prepared to assert and defend them. Among the inalienable rights which he claimed as a free and independent American citizen, was that of selling whisky to the Irish then at work on the railroad north of Plymouth. His plans were announced, and quite generally understood some time before their attempted execution. The contractors, and the "boss," knowing well what turbulent elements they had to deal with in their Irish laborers, were exceedingly anxious to have whisky kept away from them, and in this feeling they were sustained by a very great majority of the citizens. Wilson was ap-

prised of this feeling, and of the difficulties likely to grow out of his business if he established it among such elements. To this he paid no regard whatever, taking the ground that here was a good chance to make money, and he was determined to improve it. Finding remonstrance of no avail, he was then warned that he would not be permitted to sell whisky, as he proposed, under any circumstances. This warning was met with a threat of shooting the first one who dared to interfere with him or his plans. Matters passed along quietly for a few days, when one fine morning the "boss" sent notice to some of the citizens that Wilson was on hand with his whisky, and that he wanted a posse to come down and help him out of the dilemma. In two hours' time about forty men were on the ground from Plymouth. Wilson had unloaded two barrels of whisky and a keg of brandy, and had sent his team to Lamoine mill for lumber with which to build a shanty in which to carry on the business. Only the Sunday before, a two-gallon jug of whisky had been brought from Augusta, the use of which resulted in a row, in which a shanty was burned and the inmates maltreated, an attempt being made to kill the man, Pat Mullen; this, however, was unsuccessful.

In a long parley with Wilson, by the citizens, this incident was used to illustrate the danger and impropriety of the business he proposed to open, but without effect. Offers were made to hire him to remove his stock and desist from the business, also to buy his stock at wholesale prices and charges, but neither argument, entreaty, remonstrance, nor the offers made, produced any good effect. He had come there to sell whisky at retail rates, for the purpose of making money, and that was precisely what he intended to do. *Moral suasion* being exhausted, one of the citizens seized an ax, while another placed himself in a position to see that Wilson did not execute his threat of shooting, and in a few minutes mother earth drank in the whole stock. A two-years lawsuit followed in the wake of the occurrence, pending which the work went quietly on to completion without the aid of whisky. Neither Wilson nor any other party cared to repeat the experiment that proved far from being so profitable as was expected. Wilson gained his case in court, but the people gained a much greater one in the interest of temperance, with this advantage in their favor: the benefits of the verdict for the people followed promptly upon the tapping of the barrels with the ax, while with the

delay in Wilson's verdict, all his expected opportunity of profiting by it had passed away.

Case No. 3. The LADIES and physical suasion. A whisky saloon was started, in 1858, by Thomas Braanan, on lot 5, block 22, south of Metzgar's, corner of Summer and Charles streets. He had the audacity not only to entice several boys into his den, and furnish them with free drinks fixed up so as to prove a tempting bait, but also to boast that he would make habitual drinkers of them.

These facts coming to the knowledge of the mothers, very naturally excited both anxiety and indignation. Remonstrance was made, but without avail. Like most of his class, he was regardless of the feelings of others, and cared only for the present and prospective gains to be reaped from his customers. The ladies were in no mood to be trifled with, nor to be baffled in their determination that such temptations should not be held out to their boys. A call was made for an impromptu meeting of the ladies of the town, at the house of one of the number, who had been most aggrieved. The call was largely responded to, some of the number going directly from a female prayer meeting to the place of rendezvous. After

brief consultation, it was decided that *sledge hammer logic* was altogether the best adapted to meet the pressing necessities of the case. It was a style of argument that even a saloon keeper, usually so impervious to argument of any kind, would be most likely to appreciate; it would reach the most tender spot about him—his pocket,—and be well adapted to produce serious reflection and earnest meditation upon the uncertainties that attend—selling whisky in a temperance community.

The ladies armed themselves with axes, hatchets, hammers, etc.,—implements well adapted to produce impressions if vigorously used,—and marched from the place of rendezvous on *Lexington* street—a name calculated to stir brave hearts and nerve strong arms to valorous deeds—down to the field of action, so soon to be drenched in—whisky. The news had spread, and although the men were not invited guests, they came flocking in upon the ground in large numbers. The saloon keeper had got an intimation that a storm was brewing, and made what preparation he could to meet it by fastening up doors and windows, and taking refuge himself *outside*. He had “sowed the wind,” and now he was to “reap” the harvest—“the

whirlwind." When the *whirlwind* of determined women struck the frail fabric upon which he had built high hopes of profit, doors and windows went in with a crash. Talk about *frail women*, if you will! but it may be as well to seek some other company than this for the purpose of illustration. Axes, hammers, etc., had done good service in securing ample ventilation of the premises. The ladies then marched inside, and demolished barrels, demijohns, kegs, decanters, and all the paraphernalia of the establishment. This done, they quietly dispersed to their various homes, and resumed their household duties as usual.

The saloon keeper, poor fellow! we cannot undertake to describe his feelings. That he was deeply moved no one will doubt. It must have been a sad spectacle to him to see his choice stock of liquors dripping through the floor into the ground, and not a vessel left whole in which to gather up a parting drink. After his emotions had subsided, and he had time for reflection and consultation with some of his thirsty friends, it was resolved that a lawsuit would afford the best hope of consolation in his tribulation. He tried one suit, but that failed to satisfy him; then another was brought, this

time away out in some inaccessible place on Bear Creek, where the settlers were supposed not to have strong prejudices against whisky. Here a verdict was obtained against a few of the ladies, but they having *husbands*, the only responsible parties in law, the judgment was a nullity, and here the matter ended, leaving the ladies virtually victors in both features of the contest.

Crusading by legal suasion. We give a single illustrative incident under this head, to show what may be accomplished by having a man at the head of the municipal affairs of a little town like this, who believes that officers are, or ought to be, elected for the purpose of *executing the laws*, and who is not afraid to take the responsibility of doing his duty. The lesson ought to be a valuable one to such officials as act apparently as though they were elected for no better purpose than to serve as ornamental figure-heads in an incorporated town.

L. P. Bell, a desperado of the genus whisky seller, came from Mt. Sterling in 1865, and established himself in his peculiar business in Plymouth. He had received encouragement from his friends, that at the next ensuing municipal election a board of trustees would be elected that would grant him

a license. And although this was contrary to all precedent, the apathy of the temperance people justified the prediction, and nearly verified it as a fact. Bell, however, did not wait for the election and a license. He came here to sell whisky, and went at once about it, in a business way. He built a neat shop on the lot now occupied by Mr. Mesick's wagon shop, and fitted it up in good style for business, stocked it up with an assortment of liquors, and opened out. The election came off, and it was generally supposed that the result verified the predictions of Bell's friends, and that a license would be granted him. Temperance men began to wake up and rub their eyes open enough to see the situation. A petition was at once circulated against the proposed license, and signed by nearly three-fourths of the voters in the town. This was presented to the new board immediately upon its organization for business. C. H. Cuyler, Esq., was a member of the board, and had been counted upon as a license man. But he took the ground that the petition represented the *will of the people*, which they as officers were bound to respect. Mr. Cuyler's position turned the scale in the board, and the license was not granted, and Bell

was notified to quit the business. He disregarded the notice, went on selling, and expressed his determination to continue the business in defiance of the board and of the law.

Mr. Cuyler went quietly to work and gathered up the necessary proofs upon which to base an action at law, and commenced suit, which resulted in a dismissal of the case at the cost of the town. Cause of dismissal,—suit entered against wrong name. Ten days later, another suit was brought. In this the jury failed to agree. Case dismissed again at the cost of the town. In the later history of our town, such results have utterly discouraged our authorities, but not so with C. H. Cuyler, Esq. In less than twenty days he had Bell up for trial again, resulting, this time—the third effort—in a judgment against Bell for \$75 and costs. Bell appealed the case to Circuit Court, and went on selling whisky as though nothing had happened. In less than ten days 'Squire Cuyler had him up again, for the fourth time—or rather in a suit which was a continuation of the second trial in which the jury had disagreed. The result of this suit was a judgment for \$61.16 $\frac{2}{3}$ and costs, against Bell.

This later suit was followed by an exe-

cution, or attachment, levied upon Bell's property to secure the costs, etc. To the execution of this process Bell offered forcible resistance, arming and entrenching himself within his saloon, which he barricaded as strongly as possible. The constable, Thompson Burdett, called out a posse to assist in storming the works. Bell threatened to shoot the first man who entered. But shooting was exactly in the constable's line, Burdett being a butcher by profession, and Bell knew his man too well to try that game with him. A combined attack was made upon the front and rear of the works, that proved successful. An entry was made, and the officer took possession of the entire stock and fixtures. The place looked so desolate to Bell, now that his property was gone,—so much as though lightning had struck too close and too hard—that Plymouth suddenly lost its attractions for him as a place of business in his line. He went to Mr. Cuyler and acknowledged that he had been fairly and honorably beaten in the legal contest, and that "he — Bell — would quit if the board would."

The board offered him as a compromise measure, which he accepted,—the payment

of all costs, his note for \$25 to the corporation, in lieu of judgments, which he said he could not pay, claiming to be completely "broke," and that he leave the place. That note for \$25 to the corporation, if not yet worn out, could probably be bought "cheap for cash."

We are inclined to comment somewhat severely upon the inefficiency of some of our officials more recently, in their failure to abate the whisky nuisance in some of our drug stores; but we forbear, simply holding up for their emulation the example of C. H. Cuyler, Esq, and urging them, like him, to persevere until success shall crown their efforts.

We wish to record, here, our earnest conviction, that, with an energetic temperance man, with ordinary common sense, at the head of our municipal affairs, the whisky nuisance, in high places or low, can be abated. We do not believe there is any man now in the business here, or likely to engage in it, who would continue to risk his capital in a business that was liable to the vexations and expenses of a lawsuit every ten or twenty days, even though he gained nine out of every ten suits brought. Law-

yer fees and incidental expenses, if imposed often enough, would wear out the patience of even a whisky seller.

There is another consideration worthy of notice, in cases where the legal machinery does not work smoothly in the interests of temperance. The best class of customers that such institutions have, are men who do not wish to be brought before the public as witnesses. Their constant liability to such publicity as witnesses in whisky cases, would drive most of them away from an establishment liable to such constantly recurring legal attacks, and in this way the revenues of the concern would be greatly diminished. Perseverance is a cardinal doctrine in our faith, and we have great confidence in its value, if properly applied, in conducting the temperance reform by legal suasion.

SECTION II. SOCIETIES.

The Sons of Temperance formed an organization here in 1850. This proved a popular and successful society for a few years, gathering in a large number of members, and exerting, for the time being, a decided influence upon the cause of temperance. But it died and received an honorable burial; in other words, having valuable property in

its possession, this was sold and the proceeds distributed among the members, and the society was then regularly disbanded.

The Good Templars were organized in 1862, and for a time were prosperous as a society, though they failed to reach the point of influence upon the the temperance cause that had been attained by their predecessors, the Sons of Temperance. The strong points in this society were its social and literary features, making it for a considerable time a popular place of resort for young people, and a number of older ones also.

Dr. Jewett, for forty years past one of the ablest lecturers, and one of the most earnest workers in the temperance cause in this country, has recorded his deliberate opinion that the attempt to advance the temperance reform by means of secret societies has proved substantially a failure—that they have retarded rather than aided the cause.

We think the whole case may be put in a nutshell. The first great want is an enlightened public sentiment; and no agency ever has or will be devised so powerful or so well adapted to accomplish this result as the churches of the land. The second great want is that the public sale of liquor be placed under the ban of the law as a nui-

sance to be summarily abated whenever and wherever it shows its hideous head. When these two agencies are brought up to their full measure of efficiency, the temperance millennium will have come. We are glad to note the fact that our brethren of the M. E. Church in this place have organized a church temperance society. There ought to be such a one in every church in the place, and in the land—"a wheel within a wheel." The inner wheel may do a good work, even though it should run but temporarily, while the outer one—the church—will grind on while time shall last.

Plymouth Lodge, No. 286, A. F. and A. Masons. This lodge was chartered October 7th, 1858. The following were the officers: viz., Jonas Aleshire, W. M.; Claiborn H. Dodd, S. W., and Lemuel Johnson, J. W. Number of members, sixteen. Regular communications, on Saturday preceding full moon in each month.

Total membership, September 1st, 1875, fifty-seven.

Samuel K. Gaylord, W. M.; Henry G. Metzgar, Sec'y.

Plymouth Chapter, No. 109, Eastern Star. This institution was chartered, May 11th, 1872, with the following officers: viz., Mr.

W. H. H. Shreckengaust, W. C.; Mrs. H. N. Gillis, W. M., and Miss Callie Eidson, A. M.

Meetings, second Friday in each month. Number of members, September 1st, 1875, fifty-five.

The Population of Plymouth. With the aid of the official school census of the district, we are able to give an accurate count of the citizens of the town for October 1st, 1875.

There are, at this date, within the corporate limits of Plymouth, one hundred and thirty-seven (137) families. In these families there are

Over 21 years of age,.....	310
Under 21 " " "	320
	<hr/>
Total population,....	630

SECTION III. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

These sketches embrace the first settlers that located upon Round Prairie, and also the founders of the town of Plymouth, including the party of three—Matthew Melton, Allen Melton and John Trammel—who came to Plymouth in 1831; Brummel Sapp and David Manlove, who located near Birmingham the following winter; and Colonel James Clark, J. W. Crockett, L. A. Cook,

and Benjamin Terrell, who were the founders of the town of Plymouth in 1836.

Matthew Melton was born in Nash County, North Carolina, May 17th, 1767. He was married in 1789 to Chloe Williams, a daughter of Captain William Williams, who served in the war of the Revolution.

In 1797 Mr. Melton determined on *going West*, and we feel justified in saying that he arrived at this conclusion entirely independent of the advice of Horace Greeley. As widely spread as that terse sentence of advice uttered by H. G.: viz., "Go west, young man," may have been, we are sure it had no influence upon Mr. Melton; he was impelled by other motives. His love for the wild adventures of a hunter's life led him to plunge into the wilderness of eastern Tennessee, where his chosen tastes might be fully gratified for many years before the advancing tread of civilization should again drive the game out of his reach. From his home in North Carolina he traveled in a northwesterly course, following up the general direction of the streams—nature's own pathways—until he passed the divide and reached Clinch River, whose waters flow to the southwest. Here, in the extreme southwestern part of Virginia, he remained for

two years. From thence he pushed into the wilderness to the southwest, a distance of not less than two hundred miles, in an air line — probably three hundred by the route traveled.

This journey was commenced with a two-horse cart as a conveyance for his household effects and family, this now consisting of his wife and two children; but long before reaching his destination, the cart had to be abandoned for want of a road, and the goods were packed upon one of the horses, and the family upon the other, Mr. Melton on foot, with his gun, leading the way. Often he had to cut his way with his hunting knife, for long distances, through the cane-brakes, in order to proceed. He finally reached Smith County, Tennessee, and located on a tributary of the Cumberland River, called Dry Fork. Here he found such luxuries as bear's meat, bear's oil, and wild honey, in great abundance.

Notwithstanding the rich luxuries they enjoyed, a slight change in diet was soon found desirable, and after completing their cabin, Mr. Melton built a canoe and paddled it down to Haysborough, near where Nashville now stands, and procured a cargo of corn, with which he returned home, making

a round trip of nearly 150 miles. The corn was prepared for use by pounding in a rude wooden mortar—the mortar made by burning a cavity in the top of a stump, the pestle suspended above on a spring-pole. When the corn was sufficiently beaten up, it was mixed with bear's oil and cooked with a piece of bear's meat, making a luxury that we, poor mortals, may long for in vain. The first winter that Mr. Melton spent on Dry Fork, one hundred and four black bears fell victims to his skill in hunting, besides other game not enumerated. Bear skins were worth about fifty cents each at that time, at his nearest market.

Mr. Melton remained on Dry Fork for twenty-three years, and then removed to McMinnville, Tennessee, where he lived seven years. In 1830 he sold out in Tennessee, and came to Morgan County, Illinois. In the fall of the following year he came to Plymouth and made the first permanent improvement on Round Prairie, settling upon it, as we have stated in chapter III., in 1832.

Mr. Melton was the father of thirteen children, four of whom died in infancy. He was an old man when he came to Plymouth, and there is but little to note concerning

him after his location here, that has not been previously stated. He died February 9th, 1845, at the age of seventy-eight years. His wife survived him nine years, dying in 1854, aged eighty-four years.

Allen Melton, son of the above, was born on Dry Fork, Smith County, Tennessee, May 2d, 1808. He came with his father to Illinois in 1830, being then twenty-two years old. He inherited his father's love for the chase, and was a great hunter for many years after coming to Illinois—indeed, continued to be so while game was plenty enough to justify its pursuit. His entire life, from the above date, has been passed upon Round Prairie. While there are many older persons than he in the community, he is fairly entitled to the appellation of "The Oldest Inhabitant," being the only resident survivor of the first settlers. He says of himself that "while *deer* were plenty he was too much absorbed in their pursuit to think of the *dears*," consequently he remained unmarried until late in life. Finally, at the mature age of fifty-five, he married Miss Margaret Jane Bonham, the happy event being consummated in a patriotic way, July 4th, 1863. The fruit of this marriage has been five children, of whom three are living.

“Uncle Allen” has been referred to in the previous pages of our history so often, directly and indirectly, that more extended notice here is unnecessary.

John Trammel. Of the place or date of Mr. Trammel’s birth we have no knowledge. The first introduction we are able to give our readers to him, is upon his acquaintance with the Melton family in Tennessee, where he married Mary, daughter of Matthew Melton, about the year 1825.

He came with the Melton family to Illinois in 1830, and to Plymouth in 1831, pre-empted the northwest quarter of section 36, and settled upon it the following year. This claim was afterwards transferred to Colonel James Clark, and Mr. Trammel located upon the northeast quarter of section 30, township 4 N. 4, W., in McDonnough County, where he remained until 1869. He then sold out and removed with his family, and with a number of his neighbors, to Neosha County, Kansas, where he still resides.

Brummel Sapp was born in Davidson County, North Carolina, November —, 1790. He was married in 1815 to Elizabeth Wier. He came to Illinois with his family in 1831, stopping, for a time, at Rushville, where he arrived in November of the year just named.

His family remained in Rushville the following winter, while he came to Birmingham and built a cabin, and made the necessary preparations for a permanent location. In April of the following year, he moved with his family to his new home, the place being that now occupied by his son, S. R. Sapp. Here Mr. Sapp remained until his death, which occurred March 31st, 1873.

Mr. Sapp was the father of eleven children—nine sons and two daughters. Of these, eight were born in North Carolina, and three in Illinois. Seven of the number are still living.

David Manlove was born in Davidson County, North Carolina, December 27th, 1795. He married Keziah Pickett, but the date of this event we have failed to obtain. He devoted himself to teaching for some years before leaving the south. He came to Illinois in 1828, stopping at Rushville, where his brother, Jonathan D. Manlove, had settled in the spring of 1825. (J. D. Manlove writes: "I am the only man in this county—Schuyler—that was an adult when I settled near where Rushville is, in the spring of 1825.") David Manlove came to Birmingham with Mr. Sapp and located on the adjoining farm—now J. J. Hipple's—

about the same time, in the spring of 1832. He was engaged for a time in the mill enterprise in Birmingham. He died at Fort Scott, Kansas, in 1864.

John W. Crockett was born near Nicholasville, nine miles from Lexington, Jessamine County, Kentucky, March 17th, 1791. He was married in April, 1811, to Louisa Ann Bullock, of Greensburg, Kentucky.

Mr. Crockett was a volunteer in the war of 1812-15—a quartermaster in the forces raised by Governor Shelby of Kentucky—was in the army of General Harrison at the battle of the Thames, at which Tecumseh was killed.

In 1822 Mr. Crockett removed to Simpson County, Kentucky, where he resided several years; from there he removed to Barron County, where he remained a few years, and came from there to Illinois in 1835, locating in Plymouth. He bought the claim of Allen Melton to the northwest quarter of section 36, and lived for a time in the cabin which then stood upon the square, in the northeast corner of the park.

After several years' residence in Plymouth, Mr. Crockett returned to Kentucky, and died at Paducah in 1853.

Colonel James Clark. Of him we have

but little definite information—a letter to his son for such information failing to elicit any response.

He was born in Virginia, near Charlottesville, and removed from thence to Kentucky. He married Maria McCalla, a sister of Rev. William McCalla, a Presbyterian minister of some note. Both Colonel Clark and his wife were cousins of Mr. Crockett, and for several years they lived in the same neighborhood in Kentucky, and emigrated to Illinois at the same time, locating together in Plymouth, Colonel Clark buying out the claim of John Trammel to the northwest quarter of section 36.

Colonel Clark was a lawyer by profession, and had followed its practice for a number of years in Kentucky.

He lived but a short time after coming to Illinois, dying in the fall of 1837, and was buried upon his own premises, in a grave that has been so neglected that it would be difficult, if not impossible, now, to find it.

Lamarcus A. Cook was born in Plymouth, Connecticut, May 12th, 1794, and was married to Maretta Adkins. Mr. Cook was raised a farmer, and has followed that business nearly all his life. There was an exception of three or four years while he lived at

the east, during which he was engaged in selling clocks. He commenced this business as a result of selling a piece of real estate, for which he was paid in clocks. After selling these, he continued in the trade, as above stated, traveling quite extensively during the time, in the States of New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The style of clock sold by Mr. Cook was the wooden mantel clock, that preceded the era of brass clocks in this country. These were sold at that time at about an average of twenty-five dollars each, and a year's credit given, for which period the clocks were warranted. This mode of doing business required that his trips over his various routes of travel should be repeated for the purpose of making collections. These were made rapidly, often at the rate of sixty to seventy miles a day. His manner of treating his horses on these long drives was peculiar, and may be of interest to some of our readers. His plan was to water them about every five miles and feed from a large handful to a quart of oats about every ten miles, making no stops for these purposes of more than four or five to eight or ten minutes. He says his horses were always fresh and in good condition, under his longest and hardest drives, while treated in this way.

Mr. Cook was enrolled in a military company during the war of 1812-15, and held subject to duty, but was never called into actual service.

In the spring of 1835, in company with Messrs. Adkins, Burton, Terrell, and others, Mr. Cook came to Illinois. They came via Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and St. Louis. Here the company separated, Mr. Cook and Mr. Adkins going up the Illinois River to Peoria and thence to Farmington, and the others by way of Quincy to Mendon. This division of the company was merely for convenience in obtaining temporary accommodations for their families, as they had decided to locate in the same neighborhood. After prospecting a portion of the summer, they decided upon Round Prairie as their chosen home, and settled here in the fall of 1835. Mr. Cook still resides at his chosen home of forty years ago. He is now in his eighty-second year, and is apparently vigorous enough to last until his centennial.

Benjamin Terrell was born at Watertown, Connecticut, February 14th, 1793, and was married to Electa Cook, September 21st, 1815. Mr. Terrell was a machinist, but spent most of his life, at the east, in making clocks.

Eli Terry was one of the first, if not the

first, to establish the manufacture of wooden clocks in this country on an extensive scale. His first venture was in making three of the tall clocks that would reach from floor to ceiling, the works of which he whittled out with a jack-knife. These clocks were sold at forty dollars each. Making clocks with a jack-knife, as in Germany, was too slow a process for Yankee enterprise, and Mr. Terry called to his assistance the mechanical skill of Benjamin Terrell to aid him in making machinery to supplant the jack-knife in doing this work. In making such machinery, and in the manufacture of clocks, Mr. Terrell worked for a number of years for Mr. Terry, and also for Seth Thomas, whose establishment at Plymouth Hollow was started not far from the same time with Mr. Terry's at Terryville. Mrs. Terrell also worked at the clock business in her younger days, her work being the painting of the figures and ornamental work upon the dials. Her acquaintance with Mr. Terrell was formed while both were working in the clock factory. (We will state here, that, after Chauncey Jerome established the manufacture of brass clocks, and reduced the business to the most thorough system by letting out the making of each distinct piece in sep-

arate contracts, he succeeded in reducing the net cost of making a complete clock to one dollar.)

As we have stated in our sketch of Mr. Cook, Mr. Terrell located with his family on Round Prairie in 1835, buying out the claim of Matthew Melton, adjoining that of Mr. Cook on the west. Here he made the attempt to become a farmer, but Mrs. Terrell says, "he found that a clock maker was not the best material of which to make a farmer." In 1839 he moved to the vicinity of Quincy, to aid in the establishment of the *Mission Institute* and to give his children the benefit of an education in it. He remained here until this enterprise was abandoned on account of the death of its principal founders, Drs. Nelson and Hunter.

Mr. Terrell worked for some time afterwards at his business as machinist in Quincy. After the building of the railroad, he again located in Plymouth. In 1865 Mr. and Mrs. Terrell went to Shullsburg, Wisconsin, to make their home with their then recently widowed daughter, Mrs. Reynard. Here Mr. Terrell died March 11th, 1868. Mrs. Terrell, with the daughter just referred to, are again residents here amid the changed scenes of their early western home. Mrs.

Terrell is now at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Of the subjects of these sketches we will add, that while Mr. Terrell lived at the east, his church relations were with the *Episcopal Church*, but after his removal to Round Prairie, he with his family, and also Mr. Cook and family, were among the original and active members of the *Congregational Church*. Mrs. Colonel Clark and Mrs. J. W. Crockett were among the original members of the *Presbyterian Church*. Mrs. Brummel Sapp was a member of the *M. E. Church*.

John Trammel and Allen Melton united with the *M. E. Church* during the revival of 1841. Allen Melton has recently changed his relation to the *Congregational Church*. Mrs. Matthew Melton was a member of the *Baptist Church*.

A GOOD PLACE IN WHICH TO GROW OLD.

It might be inferred from the low rate of mortality, stated elsewhere in these pages at eight and a half persons per thousand annually, that people live to a good old age, or move away when they get tired of living—on Round Prairie. (This sentence may be transposed if the reader prefers.)

A few facts which will be of interest in this connection may be given.

There are about two hundred and seventy-five families living on Round Prairie, including Plymouth and Birmingham. In these families there are sixty persons now living, whose united ages amount to four thousand two hundred and thirty (4,230) years. *If* these sixty persons had lived in a single line of succession, the line would have reached back to the days of Noah. Skeptical reader, digest that fact thoroughly before you again express a doubt as to the authenticity of records extending over a period covered by sixty generations such as Round Prairie now presents a sample of.

The average age of the sixty persons alluded to is seventy years and six months. Eight of them are over eighty years of age; twenty-two are between seventy and eighty, and thirty are between sixty and seventy years of age.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is our purpose in this chapter, to finish up our record of the various churches in this community, taking up those previously mentioned, at the point where we left off, as nearly as possible, and introducing the others in their order.

The Methodist Episcopal Church stands first in order of time. The facts concerning this organization, previously stated, were so brief that we repeat them here for the purpose of making this record as complete as possible in itself. We may as well state here, that, on account of the want of any records of this church during a considerable portion of its early history, we have found great difficulty in gathering such facts as we should like to give concerning it; and for the same reason we have not entire confidence in the absolute accuracy of all the statements we have made; the weakest part of the record being the list of preachers we have attempted to give, extending through a period of over forty years. The part of this period from 1835 to 1850 has been especially difficult, and may be more or less imperfect. We have consulted the best authorities accessible, and have done the best we could under the circumstances.

The first *class* in connection with the M. E. Church, was organized by Rev. Henry Somers, of the Rushville Circuit, near the close of the conference year ending in the fall of 1833. This class was formed at the house of Mr. William Edwards, on the south side of the prairie, now the Swicegood place,

and consisted of six members: viz., Mr. William Edwards and his wife, Mr. Edward Wade and his wife, and a Mr. Philips and his wife.

This society remained in the Rushville Circuit until about 1835, and was supplied during this time, by Rev. Peter R. Boring, with preaching once in two weeks, for the conference year of 1833-4; by the Rev'ds Pitner and Williams during 1834-5, and Rev. T. N. Ralston the following year.

With the commencement of the conference year 1836, Round Prairie was placed in the Pulaski Circuit, and this arrangement continued until 1841. The preachers for this period, from the best information obtainable, were Rev'ds Window, Richmond, Isaac Poole, Dr. Strong—or perhaps William H. Taylor, and William Royal.

The preaching place, up to this time, remained at the house of William Edwards, on the south side of the prairie. In the year 1841 the revival occurred in connection with meetings held at Byrd Smith's, of which previous mention has been made. During this meeting the place at which circuit preaching was held was changed to Byrd Smith's, and so continued until the building of the North School House in 1847. Following this

change in the place of worship, Round Prairie was changed to the Macomb Circuit, and so remained until in 1846. The preachers for this period were Rev'ds William Piper, — — Pillsbury, Elzie Clark, — Cartwright, — Ford, and Hadley and Applebee.

The following year, 1847-8, Round Prairie was placed upon the Carthage Circuit—preachers for this year, Rev'ds Applebee and Atkinson. The next year, this appointment was again placed upon the Macomb Circuit. — Clark and Cartwright, preachers.

From this time, 1849-50, Round Prairie was again placed upon the Pulaski Circuit, and so remained until 1853-4. The preachers for this period were Rev. Greenbury Garner, who remained in charge for two years; Rev. William Piper, and Rev. — Cromwell. The regular appointment for this period was at the North School House, although meetings were sometimes held in Plymouth. We may as well state here, that the North School House was continued as a regular preaching place until about 1862.

In 1853 this society built their house of worship. It is located just outside the original town plat, north of Lexington street. The building is of wood, thirty by forty feet, and will seat about one hundred

and seventy-five persons. The bell was procured in 1869. The parsonage, located at the rear of the church, was built during the pastorate of Rev. George Montgomery, whose term of service commenced in the fall of 1854 and continued two years. This is the only church in the place that has a parsonage.

With the building of the church and parsonage Plymouth was raised to new importance as a center of influence, and of operations in the general work of the M. E. Church. It was made the headquarters of the Plymouth Circuit in 1853, and so continued until in 1869. The appointments during this arrangement of the circuit were so varied from time to time that we shall not attempt to particularize. The nearer and more permanent ones were at the Mt. Vernon School House, three miles west; at the North School House, and at the East School House, in the Twidwell neighborhood. About 1862 the two former were dropped for the purpose of concentrating the work in this vicinity at the center. Plymouth Circuit has also embraced Bowen, Chili Center, Augusta, and other points.

During the period included in the history of Plymouth Circuit, 1853—1868-9, the

preachers were as follows : viz., Rev'ds William M'Elfresh, George Montgomery two years, William Barton and Hughes same year, — Hughes, — Rutledge, John Kirkpatrick two years, Jacob Shunk two years, — Sennock two years, — Hughes, D. H. Hatton, William Avery, — Hungerford.

For the next three years, 1869-70—1871-2, Plymouth was placed upon the Bowen Circuit, with the following preachers : viz. Rev. Thomas C. Wolf, who died soon after⁷ his location here ; the remainder of that conference year the church was supplied by Rev. C. Powell and Rev. J. K. Miller, both of Bowen ; the following year Rev. J. K. Miller was the preacher in charge, he being succeeded, the next year, by Rev. A. G. Smith.

In 1872 Plymouth was made a station, and Rev. — Bardrick was sent to fill the appointment. By some mishap, there was a slip or a break in some of the machinery connecting the conference with the church, so that Mr. Bardrick made but a short stay. He was succeeded by Rev. David Teed, a talented but eccentric man, who had but indifferent success in mending the machinery, but staid his time out, dividing a considerable share of it, however, between the M. E. and Congregational churches.

In 1873 Plymouth was again placed in Bowen Circuit, Rev. C. Powell preacher in charge.

In 1874 it was again made a station, under Rev. James H. Dickens, pastor, and so remains for the year 1875-6, Rev. R. G. Hobbs, pastor.

The membership of this church is now one hundred and nine.

The Congregational and Presbyterian Churches. We have traced the history of these two organizations, already, up to the close of Rev. Milton Kimball's labors in 1850. As we have previously stated, during his ministry the two societies worshiped together in the Congregational Church, and united in Mr. Kimball's support. This joint arrangement continued until 1854. Rev. John G. Rankin supplied the churches for a few months during the winter of 1850-51. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Leonard, an Evangelist, who labored here during the summer of 1851. His labors resulted in a general revival that reached all classes, and resulted in accessions to all the churches then organized in this vicinity.

During the years 1852 and 1853—the remaining period of the joint arrangement—Rev. N. P. Coltrin supplied the societies with preaching. From this period the his-

tory of the two societies diverge. The Rev. Mr. Coltrin remained pastor of the Congregational Church.

The new building for this church was put up in 1854, on lots 1 and 2, block 8, Bell, Rook & Johnson's addition, corner of East Main and Church streets, fronting on Church. The elevated location of the Congregational Church, and of the school building on the opposite side of Church street, together with their comparative isolation from other buildings, makes them by far the most prominent buildings to be seen in approaching the town from nearly all directions, except from the west. The building is a neat frame, 35 by 60 feet, surmounted with a belfry, and having a bell from Meneely's foundry, Troy, N. Y.

The seating capacity of the audience room is about two hundred and seventy persons, with a gallery that will furnish accommodations for about thirty more: total seating capacity, say three hundred persons. Rev. N. P. Coltrin's labors as pastor of the church closed in August, 1857. Rev. William B. Atkinson succeeded in January, 1858, and remained until January, 1861.

In June, 1861, Rev. William A. Chamberlin commenced his pastoral labors with the

church, and continued until November, 1864. During the last year of his ministry here, the Presbyterian Church united with the Congregational Church in his support, the services being held on alternate Sabbaths at each house of worship. In June, 1865, Rev. J. D. Parker commenced his labors as pastor of the church, and remained about one year. He was succeeded in October, 1866, by Rev. C. M. Barnes, who remained until January, 1869. In April, 1869, Rev. H. B. Swift came to Plymouth as a candidate for the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, but was employed by the two societies jointly for one year, services being held in the two houses of worship alternately, six months in each. Rev. A. E. Arnold succeeded Mr. Swift in April, 1870. Under his ministry the joint arrangement of the two churches continued for one year, Rev. Mr. Arnold remaining as pastor of the Congregational Church until November, 1873. At the close of his ministry here, Rev. J. D. Baker, the present incumbent, commenced his pastoral labors.

There have been, in connection with this church since its organization, two hundred and eighty (280) persons. Of this number, one hundred and thirty-seven (137) have been dismissed by letter. Thirty-one (31)

have removed without letters. Thirty-two (32) have died, and three (3) have been suspended. Total dismissals, etc., two hundred and three (203). Present resident membership, seventy-seven (77).

The Presbyterian Church, after a seven-years stay in its place of birth, Plymouth, without a home of its own, and a ten-years residence abroad with its sister, the Congregational Church of Round Prairie, determined to return to its native place and set up house-keeping for itself.

The first step taken towards securing a home in Plymouth, was made January 10th, 1854, in the election of a board of trustees, who proceeded at once to secure a site and make arrangements for building. The site includes lots 1 and 2, block 17, corner of West Main and Lexington streets. The building, a substantial frame, 34 by 54 feet, with belfry, was put up in 1854, but not so far completed as to be fit for use until 1857, when it was opened for worship, but in an unfinished state. In 1869 the outside appearance of the building, which at that time would compare favorably with churches generally in small country towns, was sacrificed for the purpose of securing greater internal convenience. The belfry was taken

down and an addition of twenty feet made at the east end of the building, and the entrance changed to the south side, at the intersection of the addition with the old part of the building. This addition furnishes convenient infant class and library rooms on the ground floor, which are so arranged as to be readily thrown open to the main audience room—adding about two-fifths to the capacity of the building when necessary to accommodate increased numbers. Above these two rooms is a convenient lecture room, arranged to accommodate about seventy-five persons. The audience room, as now seated, will accommodate about two hundred and forty persons.

The building is still incomplete, the plan contemplating the erection of a tower and belfry on the north side, directly opposite the present entrance. Through this tower would be an additional entrance, greatly facilitating egress from the building in an emergency.

During the years 1854 and 1855 the church was supplied with preaching by the Rev. George D. Young, of Augusta, services being held on Sabbath afternoons at the Methodist house of worship, the Presbyterian house being then unfinished. In the

spring of 1857 Rev. William A. Hendrickson was employed as stated supply, and continued his labors here until the fall of 1859. During the year 1863 the church was supplied once in three weeks by Rev. J. L. Jones, Presbyterian missionary. In 1864, under the ministerial labors of Rev. William A. Chamberlin, union services were held with the Congregational Church alternately from one house of worship to the other on alternate Sabbaths, each society maintaining its own Sabbath school in the mean time. In 1865 Rev. Isaac T. Whittemore was employed as stated supply, and remained with the church until the spring of 1869. Immediately succeeding his labors a joint arrangement was again made with the Congregational Church, under Rev. H. B. Swift services being held for six months at each house alternately, and the Sabbath schools united under one management. Rev. Mr. Swift remained one year, and was succeeded by Rev. A. E. Arnold, under whose ministry the joint arrangement was continued until March, 1871. In the fall of this year Rev. A. S. Powell supplied the church, remaining until the next spring. In October, 1872, Rev. W. F. Cellar, the present incumbent, commenced his labors with the church.

The growth of the Presbyterian Church in numbers has not been such as would have been expected if it had been able to secure regular ministerial services. There have been connected with it, since its organization in November, 1836, up to July 1st, 1875, in all, two hundred and forty-five (245) persons. Of these eighty-nine (89) have been regularly dismissed by letter, forty-two (42) have removed without letters of dismission, eighteen (18) are dead, and four (4) have been subjects of trial and suspension. Total dismissals, etc., one hundred and fifty-three (153), making the present membership, July, 1875, ninety-two (92).

The Congregation of Disciples, or Christians, in Plymouth, was organized February 18, 1855, the services being held in the house of the M. E. Church, and conducted by Elder J. R. Ross.

The original members of the congregation were as follows: viz., David Palmer, Susan Palmer, John Ritchey, Zerelda Ritchey, Jonas Myers, Margaret Myers, J. W. Bell, A. B. Moore, John Madison, Rebecca Madison, John Hendrickson, David Wade, Nancy Wade, Edward Wade, Ann Hooton, Wm. H. Hooton, Isapena Buyher, Thompson Burdett, Malinda Burdett, John Ades,

Elizabeth Ades, Phebe Ades, John Stark, Uphema Myers, Nancy Browning, Sarah Moore, Frances Ritchey, Mary Ritchey. Total, twenty-eight (28).

Of these twelve (12) are still resident members. Nine have died, four have removed, two have been dismissed by letter, and one excluded.

The membership of this society has varied at different periods, in numbers, from the above original number up to about one hundred and twenty (120) persons. The number of resident members is now one hundred and three (103).

The *house of worship* belonging to this society was built in 1866. It is located on the east part of lot 1, block 15, at the corner of East Main and Virginia streets, fronting on Virginia. It is a neat, substantial frame building, 30 by 40 feet, and will seat two hundred and ten (210) persons.

The regular ministers have been as follows: viz., James R. Ross, H. Young, E. Browning, E. J. Lampton, George Brewster, James Stark, and Carroll Stark—the latter being now the preacher.

The Baptist Church of Plymouth was organized January 3d, 1857, adopting what is commonly called the New Hampshire

Confession of Faith, embracing all the doctrines peculiar to Missionary Baptists. This church was organized with eight members: viz., Jacob Elliott, Sarah J. Elliott, Thomas Rockey, Celia Rockey, Caleb Bickford, Elizabeth Bickford, Emily Walton, Margaret Cook. These are all living (August, 1875). Four of them have removed — Mr. and Mrs. Elliott to Canton, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Rockey are now in Bushnell. Two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Bickford, have changed their church relations, still residing here, and two of the original members, Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Cook, still remain in connection with the church. Thomas Rockey was the first deacon chosen, and Jacob Elliott the first church clerk.

There have been added to this church since its organization, up to the present time, two hundred and thirty-five (235) persons. Of these seventy-two (72) have been dismissed by letter, twenty-four (24) have died, and thirty-five (35) have been excluded. Total dismissals, etc., one hundred and thirty-one (131); leaving the number now upon the record one hundred and four (104). Of these twenty-five (25) are now non-residents. The number of actual resident members, therefore, at this time, is seventy-nine (79).

Rev. Joseph Botts, of St. Mary's, was the first pastor of this church, commencing his labors in May, 1857. He was succeeded in October of the same year by Rev. Caleb Davison. He in turn was succeeded in December, 1858, by Rev. D. W. Litchfield. Rev. R. L. Colwell commenced his labors in June, 1860, and in November, 1865 the present incumbent, Rev. L. Osborn, took charge of the church. His pastorate extending now over nearly ten years, is longer than that of any other minister who has served any of the various churches in Plymouth during its entire past history.

The *house of worship* of the Baptist Church was built in 1857. It is a plain brick building, 26 by 40 feet, located on lot 7, block 14, upon Summer street, between Virginia and Union streets. It has seating room for one hundred and fifty persons.

The United Brethren in Christ. This society was organized in March, 1857, by Rev. G. K. Jackson, pastor, and was designated at that time as *Plymouth Mission*. The following were the original members: viz., Josiah Morris, Martha Morris, B. W. Whittington, Thomas Twidwell, Thomas Kennedy, M. A. Kennedy, Reuben Cecil,

Frances Cecil, A. K. Twidwell, M. A. Twidwell, Mary Twidwell, Mary Dorothy.

Of these twelve four still remain in connection with the society: viz., Thomas Twidwell, M. A. Kennedy, Reuben Cecil, Frances Cecil.

There have been in connection with this society since its organization seventy-one (71) persons. Of these six (6) have been dismissed by letter, seventeen (17) have removed, fifteen (15) have been dropped from the roll of membership, and eight (8) have died. Total dismissions, etc., forty-six (46). Present membership, twenty-five (25).

Lamoin Chapel, as the house of worship for this society is called, was built in 1872. It is a frame building, 28 by 36 feet, and is located on the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of section twenty-one, Lamoin township, three miles east and a mile and a half north from Plymouth.

The Sunday School History of this community has been traced up to 1850. The following year a Sunday school was organized and continued through the summer and early fall at the North School House, then one of the regular preaching stations of the M. E. Church. This was continued two

seasons ; the first, in charge of E. H. Young, superintendent ; the second, in charge of Ezra Adkins, superintendent. Then for some years the effort to maintain a Sunday school at that point was abandoned. There has since been a Sunday school at that place for a few years, under the superintendence of Thomas Brakefield and A. W. King. These persons, upon whom the maintenance of a school there must depend if it were kept up, are actively engaged in their church schools in town, and not only find their time limited for such service, but believe that the interests of those who have attended at the North School House would be better served by their attendance upon some of the various church schools in town.

For a number of years following the Mermon occupation of Plymouth there was no Sunday school in town. After the building of the school house in 1851, some of the citizens interested themselves in having one organized. This was done in the spring of 1852. From this point dates the permanent and continuous establishment of the Sunday school work in Plymouth. For two years this school was continued in the school house, and then, on the completion of the

M. E. Church, it was transferred to that house, and continued for a time as a union school—the basis on which it was organized. E. H. Young was superintendent of the school from its organization until the field began to widen out by the establishment of church schools. Of these we think it unnecessary to give a detailed history, as the history of the various churches already given, furnishes data sufficiently accurate for our purpose. We may state that the building of each church in the place has been followed by the establishment of a Sunday school in connection with it.

A few general facts showing the present status of these various schools may not be out of place. We give, in round numbers, what may be considered a general average of the attendance upon the various Sunday schools, say for the past five years :

	TEACHERS AND OFFICERS.	PUPILS.	TOTAL.
M. E. Sunday School,	9	56	65
Congregational Sunday School, 12	12	63	75
Presbyterian Sunday School, . .	12	73	85
Baptist Sunday School,	6	34	40
Disciples Sunday School,	6	59	65
	—	—	—
Total,	45	285	330

We also subjoin a summary of the accommodations provided for church goers, and the number of resident church members, in

each of the churches in town, as follows :
viz.—

	ACCOMMODATIONS.	MEMBERSHIP.
M. E. Church,.....	175	109
Congregational,.....	270	77
Presbyterian,.....	240	92
Baptist,.....	150	79
Disciples,.....	210	103
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total,	1045	460

CHAPTER XV.

The record of the patriotism of Round Prairie is well worthy of being perpetuated in the pages of history. It has other enduring monuments as well: they are written deeply in the hearts of many that occupy the desolated homes that dot here and there our fair prairie and town.

We have in our midst a few of the *Survivors of the War of 1812-15*. Of these there is one whose case may be fairly put in a way to present a singular double paradox. The first paradoxical proposition concerning him is, that, while the official records of the war department recognize his services as a soldier, yet he never was in the army. The second is, that, while he is now an actual living resident of our town, and has been a resident of our community

for more than forty years past, the same authentic documents of the war department prove that he has been *dead* for more than sixty years. The man of whom we thus write is *Francis Kington*, who was born in the State of Virginia, July 4th, 1788. On the breaking out of the war of 1812 he was a member of a volunteer military company that was called into active service. At this time Mr. Kington was encumbered with the cares of a family consisting then of a wife and two children. A younger brother, James Kington, volunteered to go in his place, and entered the service as a substitute for, and answered to the name of Francis Kington while in the service. In 1814 James Kington died in the service, known to the department only as Francis Kington.

[This explanation of a seeming mystery illustrates, it seems to us, very clearly, an important doctrine of the Christian religion that many find it hard to accept: viz., That through the service of suffering and death, rendered by Christ, his people live. He is their substitute. He stands ready to render this service to all who will accept it. Reader, have you accepted him as your substitute?]

It will be seen by the date of Mr. Kington's birth, that he is now in his 88th year —

the oldest person in our community. Until within the last year he has been seen almost daily upon our streets, but is now too feeble to walk beyond the limits of the yard surrounding his home.

Edward Wade was born in Halifax County, Virginia, October 7th, 1792. He enlisted in the regular army at Clarksville, Tennessee, in 1812, for five years. He served with General Jackson during the war of 1812-15, being engaged in the short but decisive campaign about New Orleans, the final battle of which virtually closed the war.

In the Indian difficulties at the South, after the close of the war of 1812-15, Jackson's forces were volunteers, and Mr. Wade being a "regular," was engaged with his comrades in the more peaceful avocation of building a so-called national road from Nashville, Tennessee, to Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

At this date — October, 1875 — Mr. Wade has just passed his 83d birth-day, and still manifests a good degree of physical vigor.

From the previous notice of Mr. Wade's settlement on Round Prairie it will be seen that he has been a resident here for more than forty years.

Roland T. Madison was born near the

present city of Bowling Green, Kentucky, February 24th, 1794.

In the war of 1812-15 he entered the service as a volunteer in Colonel Richard H. Johnson's cavalry regiment—three months men. He was discharged on account of sickness, and sent home before the expiration of his term of service, but re-enlisted for six months in Captain Peter Dudley's company, Boswell's regiment; was in the battle of Fort Meigs, near Toledo, Ohio, then a wilderness; afterwards with General Harrison in his campaign in Canada. On his return he was appointed an ensign in the 28th United States infantry, under Colonel T. D. Owen, and at the close of the war was promoted to first lieutenant in the same command.

Mr. Madison settled in Ohio in 1827; moved to Illinois in 1836, stopping in Schuyler County until 1840, when he bought and settled upon the place where he now lives, at Plymouth.

The title of "*Captain*," so generally bestowed upon Mr. Madison by his neighbors, is "within one" of being correct in a military point of view, but it originated from his command of a flat-boat upon the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

THE BLACK HAWK AND TEXAN WARS.

Major Joseph F. Garrett was born in Cabell County, Virginia, November 18th, 1808, and emigrated to Springfield, Illinois, in 1828. In the spring of 1832, he volunteered in the Black Hawk war, under Captain Dawson, he and Abraham Lincoln entering the same company as privates.

Though not in any battle in this campaign, he was so near the scene of Stillman's defeat, east of Dixon, that he was in the detail that buried the dead the following day.

This expedition being made up of thirty-day troops, when the term of service expired, Major Garrett re-enlisted, and was in till the close of the war.

In 1838 Major Garrett emigrated to Texas, where he engaged in teaching school for some time. In September, 1839, he volunteered in an expedition against the Indians, under Colonel James C. Neill. Here he obtained a commission as purchasing and subsisting commissary, with rank and pay as major. This expedition was engaged in two battles with marauding bands of Indians, in which Major Garrett left his position with the supplies in other hands and went into the fight, like Pat, for "a bit of sport." In

the first of these battles, on the Brasos river, without loss on their part, they killed and captured about sixty Indians. In the second battle, on the southwest fork of Trinity river, although their loss was slight, it included two valuable officers: one of them Major Wepler, a German, who had been a captain in Bonaparte's army, and had fought with Wellington's forces at Waterloo.

In March, 1840, the troops of this expedition were discharged. In June following, Major Garrett again volunteered in another similar expedition—this time as a substitute for J. R. Baker, who was the first county clerk of McDonnough County, Illinois. Here he was again commissioned to the same office and rank as in the previous expedition. This campaign lasted but one month, at the expiration of which Major Garrett resumed his occupation as school teacher. He returned to Illinois something over twenty-five years ago, where he has since resided, most of the time in Plymouth. On the breaking out of the rebellion, the Major's war spirit was again aroused; and although over fifty years old at that time, he had his gray hair colored so black that his nearest neighbor failed to recognize him, and presented himself for examination. The

inexorable old army surgeon told him "it was a pity to repress such pluck, but with such dilapidated teeth as he had, he would starve to death on hard-tack, and therefore it would not do to pass him."

THE MORMON WAR.

As numerous as were the heroes of the times embraced in the period of the Mormon war, we must decline the task of recording their brilliant exploits, mainly for the following reasons: 1st. We have already given as much space to the subject of Mormonism as our limits will justify. 2d. The subject needs for its proper elucidation numerous illustrations which we cannot afford in this work. The necessity for pictorial illustration we think will be apparent by reference to Jim's story, in which three horsemen captured a town, and the blue-stocking war, in our chapter on Mormonism. 3d. The subject requires a volume in itself, as those who went from Round Prairie, not having any regular military organization, would each require a personal history of service in various campaigns in which each enlisted when he felt like it, staid until he got military glory enough, and then gave himself an honorable discharge.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Round Prairie had but two representatives in this war: These were Richard Landsden and James M. Carden, both of Birmingham, and both now deceased.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

In making up the record of those from this vicinity engaged in the war, we extend our territorial limits somewhat so as to include neighborhoods immediately adjoining Round Prairie, and of which Plymouth is the business center. The men from these neighborhoods and ours, shared together all the vicissitudes of the war, and their names should appear together in any records that may be made of their services.

The time of enlistments from this vicinity extended through nearly the whole period of the war, and some of those latest in the service will be found in regiments that were among those earliest formed, being recruited to fill up ranks broken by the war.

Our community was represented in about twenty-five different regiments, as follows: viz.—

TWELFTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized as a Three Years Regiment at Cairo, August 1st, 1861.

Substitute Recruits mustered in, October, 1864. Augustus Garrett, Andrew J. Hattery, J. Marshall Ralston, Silas J. James.

The 12th was at Donelson, Corinth, and with Sherman on his

march to the sea, Our recruits were sent from Camp Butler, via. Nashville and Baltimore, and joined the regiment under Sherman at Raleigh, North Carolina.

The regiment was mustered out at Louisville, Kentucky, and received final discharge and pay at Camp Butler, Illinois, July, 1865.

FOURTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized May, 1861, at Jacksonville, Illinois

Alonzo Bickford, Company E, mustered in, 1861.

The regiment was re-organized at Goldsboro, North Carolina, in April, 1865, and the following recruits sent from here :

Cornelius Decker, Albert Palmer; Samuel H. Ridgeway, absent, sick at muster out; Matthew Trammel, mustered out as corp.; Samuel Wade, mustered out as corp.

The 14th was mustered out at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and received final pay and discharge at Springfield, Illinois, September 22d, 1865.

SIXTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Quincy, May 24th, 1861.

James H. Ralston, transferred to 60th Illinois January, 1864; John N. Smith, transferred to 60th Illinois, January, 1864; John W. Johnson; Joseph Shannon, wagoner, re-enlisted as veteran; S. C. Gilbert, discharged, disability, re-enlisted, 1st Colorado cavalry; A. J. Duncan; Benjamin F. Hendricks, died at Bird's Point, — — 1862; William Markley, John Scott; — — Johnson, of Lamoin; — — Johnson, of Lamoin.

The 16th was sent first into Missouri, was at Corinth, and afterward at Nashville. Their later service was mainly guard and garrison duty.

Mustered out at Louisville, Kentucky; discharged at Camp Butler, Illinois.

EIGHTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized, May, 1861. Re-organized.

John Bodenhamer, mustered in, March 9th, 1865. Mustered out as corp., December 16th, 1865; Isham Sell.

This regiment was at Donelson and Shiloh, and afterwards in Arkansas. Mustered out at Little Rock, Arkansas; discharged at Camp Butler, Illinois.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Camp Butler, August, 1861, by Lieutenant Colonel L. H. Waters.

Simeon E. Botts, died at home; Sidney W. Botts, discharged December, 1862—disability; Richard A. Dawson, discharged June, 1862—disability; Nathan Graham, died at Fort Holt,

Kentucky, December 1st, 1861; Robert Huddleston, wounded, sent to hospital—since missing; Edward Livermore, term expired August 26th, 1864; Haley F. Sell, died at Fort Holt, Kentucky, January 16th, 1862.

Regiment consolidated in 1864. The following substitute recruits were sent to the regiment October, 1864:

James C. Howell, corp., killed at Spanish Fort, Alabama, March 16, 1865; Elbridge M. Cox, William L. Hendrickson, Chalmers Hall; Hiram L. Michael, died at Brownsville, Texas, September 20th, 1865; J. Hardin Smith.

The 28th regiment was at Corinth, Vicksburg, Jackson, and at various points in Alabama, Louisiana and Texas—saw hard service; came near shipwreck on the Gulf of Mexico in their transfer from New Orleans to the siege of Spanish Fort—threw 130 mules overboard in order to save the vessel.

THIRTY-FOURTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized September, 1861.

Unassigned Substitute Recruits. Joseph D. Garrett, recruited March 8th, 1865, mustered out May 14th, 1865.

Service of the regiment, in Kentucky and Tennessee. Mustered out at Louisville, and discharged at Chicago, July 16th, 1865.

FORTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Consolidated.

Substitute Recruits. William H. Hisel, recruited October 25th, 1864; Thomas Kennedy, recruited March 9th, 1865, died at Camp Butler, March 28th, 1865; Reuben Cecil, recruited March 9th, 1865; William Lung, recruited March 9th, 1865; Joseph Pestil, recruited March 25th, 1865.

The three latter joined the regiment at Spanish Fort, but were not in the fight; saw no severe service. Mustered out, January 21st, 1866, at Selma, Alabama, and sent to Springfield for pay and discharge.

FIFTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Chicago, Dec., 1861.

William S. Hendricks, promoted from 16th Illinois, 2d lieutenant, resigned February 13th, 1863; Edward D. Haggard, sergeant, promoted 2d lieutenant February, 1863, 1st lieutenant July, 1864, captain July, 1865—not mustered—mustered out as 1st lieutenant; James W. Madison, corp., discharged June, 1862; George Madison, musician, promoted principal musician 56th Illinois Infantry, August, 1862; Matthias M. Hendrickson, killed at Shiloh April 6th, 1862; John W. Hamilton, re-enlisted as veteran, out as sergeant; Austin B. Lynch, re-enlisted as veteran; David Moore; Henry H. Ross, discharged April, 1862;

Robert H. Stark, captured in South Carolina February 22d, 1865, killed; Henry Smith, John F. Thomas; Francis M. Way, discharged February, 1864—disability.

Recruits. Edward F. Kington, October, 1862; William Brown, James Patterson, Henry Mikesell, A. J. Polite; Philip Long, January, 1862, discharged April, 1862; Dallas Cox, January, 1862; Elijah Clair, January, 1862; Lewis Gillenwater, January, 1862; George Boman, February, 1864; Isaac Boman, February, 1864; James C. Bickford, February, 1864; Edwin L. Garvin, February, 1864; Bartoe Patterson, March, 1864; William T. Lawrence, March, 1864, died at Athens, Alabama, April 3d, 1864.

This regiment was in the battle at Fort Donelson, February 13th, 14th, 15th, 1862; at Pittsburg Landing, April 6th, 7th; siege of Corinth, May, 1862; battle of Corinth, October 3d, 4th, 1862. Mustered out at Louisville, Kentucky, and discharged at Chicago, July 9th, 1865.

FIFTY-EIGHTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Consolidated January 23d, 1865.

Wesley Kalston, recruited March 21st, 1865; Paris Smith, recruited March 21st, 1865.

Mustered out at Montgomery, Alabama, April 1st, 1866; discharged at Springfield, Illinois.

SIXTY-SECOND ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Re-organized at Little Rock, Arkansas, April 24th, 1865.

Nicholas S. Comberlidge, recruited as veteran; Aaron D. Wnie, died at Frederick, Illinois, January 27th, 1863; John Freaks, discharged September 8th, 1862—disability; David Stoneking, discharged April 23d, 1863—disability; Samuel Stoneking, transferred to invalid corps.

All the above enlisted in the original organization of the 62d, April 10th, 1862. As re-organized, were on duty at Pine Bluff and at Fort Gibson. Mustered out at Little Rock, March 6th, 1866; discharged at Springfield, Illinois.

SEVENTY-FIRST ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Three Months Men. Organized at Chicago.

Ralph W. Clark, Joseph H. Fortner, Benjamin E. Orr, Joseph W. Tillson, Alfred B. Talbot, Benjamin Bickford,

Mainly on guard duty in Kentucky.

SEVENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Chicago, August 23d, 1862, as the 1st Board of Trade Regiment.

James A. Bingham, 2d lieutenant, promoted 1st lieutenant January 28th, 1863, killed at Vicksburg May 22d, 1863; Edward H. Burton, Discharged May 28th, 1864, for promotion in 52d Col. Infantry; Andrew Cook, discharged July 12th, 1864, for promotion in 58th Col. Infantry; George W. Capron, Henry A. Cecil, Joshua Hedgecock; Garrett J. D. Jarvis, discharged April 8th, 1864, for promotion 50th Col. Infantry; John J. Myers, died in Yazoo Pass, March 16th, 1863; George W. McDaniel, Andrew J. Massengill, William H. McDaniel; Peter Morehead, mustered out as corporal; Henry G. Miller; John W. Royce, died at Columbus, Kentucky, October 21st, 1862; Lewis J. Spurlock, Marcena Smith; George W. Milton, corporal, mustered out as private; Harmon F. Morris, died at Paducah, Kentucky, October 9th, 1862; Richard Lansden, died at St. Louis, July 22d, 1863; John L. Madison, discharged February 13th, 1863—disability; Peter Peters, died at Selma, Alabama, July 26th, 1865; George W. Loop, recruit, transferred to 33d Infantry; John Pennock, recruit.

The 72d was with Grant at Vicksburg, at the battle of Nashville, and others in Tennessee, at Spanish Fort, Alabama, etc.; was in seven battles and eleven skirmishes; traveled 9,280 miles in the service, and under fire one hundred and forty-five days. Mustered out at Vicksburg, August 6th, 1865.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Quincy, Sept. 1st, 1862.

Company A. William S. Hendricks, sergeant-major, March 28th, 1864—discharged January 17, 1865—wounds; Henry C. Bodenhamer; James E. Belote, killed at Chickamauga, September 20th, 1863; Darwin Belote, died at Franklin, Tennessee, March 5th, 1863; Robert Driver, died at Franklin, Tennessee, February 19th, 1863; Benjamin Davis, died at Chattanooga, October 7th, 1863—wounds; John Davis, died at Nashville, March 18th, 1863; Shepard Graham, died at Franklin, March 28th, 1863; James M. Groves, John Howell, George Harrison; William H. Landsden, died at Andersonville, October 6th, 1864; Theodore C. Noel; David M. Sapp, mustered out as corporal; William Wier, mustered out as corporal; William T. Walker, Rev., died at Nashville, February 28th, 1865; Henry H. Wyles, transferred to veteran reserve corps; Amos Scott, promoted 1st lieutenant.

Recruits. Thomas R. Alway, November, 1863, transferred to 34th Illinois; Isaac H. Bodenhamer, November, 1863, transferred to 34th Illinois; Chris. G. Bodenhamer, November, 1863; John W. Sapp, November, 1863, died at Nashville, November

23d, 1864; William H. Wier, November, 1863; Howard Wilds, November, 1863; Samuel J. James, January, 1864; William K. Ruggles, January, 1864; Edward H. Wheeler, January, 1864; Harvey F. Hendricks, March, 1864; Hiram Scott, died at Nashville, March 27, 1863; John Steen, died at Vining, Georgia, July 22, 1864—wounds.

Company D. Sidney Botts, mustered out as corporal; Joseph O. Botts, discharged June, 1863—disability; John L. Bell, died at Louisville, Kentucky, February 3d, 1863; Luther C. Burton, died at Louisville, June 26th, 1864—wounds; Samuel S. Davis, killed at Jonesboro, Georgia, September 1st, 1864; William Earle, discharged September, 1863—disability; Egbert Newman, mustered out June 7th, 1865—prisoner, died in hospital at Richmond; Solomon Fry; David G. Hawkins, died at Louisville, May 12th, 1863; William R. Long; William E. Milton, mustered out as corporal; Thomas B. Smith, transferred to veteran reserve corps, July 25th, 1864; Charles M. Bennett, musician; Richard H. Scott, killed at Jonesboro, September 2d, 1864; Samuel Fugate, corporal, killed at Rasaca, Georgia, May 15th, 1864; Martin Fugate, killed at Chickamauga, September 20th, 1863; Solomon Toulon, killed at Chickamauga, September 20th, 1863; William Toulon, discharged, joined 148th regiment; John Mullin, recruit; Silas Bayles.

The service of the 78th regiment is indicated to a good degree by its list of dead. It saw a good deal of hard service. It will be seen by the list, that this regiment contained by far the most numerous representation of soldiers from this vicinity of any regiment in the service.

It received its final pay and discharge at Chicago, June 12th, 1865.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY

was mustered into the United States service at Chicago, September 4th, 1862, as the 2d Board of Trade Regiment.

The following men from Plymouth were enlisted for this regiment, August 27th, 1862.

Charles Winchell, corporal, mustered out as private; Isaac S. Cunningham, Robert Jones; Jacob Wright, died at Nashville, January 15, 1864.

This regiment was in the battles of Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and Atlanta. From thence back to Chattanooga, Franklin and Nashville. Mustered out at Nashville, and discharged at Chicago, June 22d, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Camp Butler, August, 1862.

Silas Bayles, Harrison L. Payles, Harry H. Galloway, Isaac Griffith, died at Port Hudson, La., May 20th, 1864.

The 118th was at Vicksburg, afterward in the department of the Gulf. Mustered out at Baton Rouge, October 1st, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Organized at Quincy, October 10th, 1862.

Thomas Stoneking, Elijah Williams; Henry C. Hamilton, mustered out as corporal; John Saddler, Edward Saddler; William Thompson, sergeant, died at Memphis, March 8th, 1864; Jonathan S. Tucker, discharged for disability; Andrew Wade.

Recruits. Harrison Kneff, June 10th, 1863, died at Quincy, January 12th, 1865; William J. Granger, March 3d, 1865; Thomas Harrison, March 3d, 1865; Abraham Riley, March 3d, 1865; Willis Bilderback, March 3d, 1865; Clement S. Noel, March 3d, 1865.

The service of the 119th regiment was mainly in Kentucky during the year 1863, and in Louisiana in 1864; was engaged in the Red River expedition; afterwards at Nashville; also via New Orleans at Spanish Fort and Blakely. Discharged at Camp Butler, September 4th, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

Mustered into the United States service at Camp Butler, September 10th, 1862.

Thomas P. Price, sergeant, promoted 2nd lieutenant; Presley Hobbs; Patrick V. Mullen, transferred to invalid corps; Hugh E. Wear, discharged October 1st, 1864—disability; William J. Waller; Franklin Myers, died at Big Black River Bridge, April 4th, 1864; James M. Wear; Haywood Howell, discharged March 12th, 1863—disability; John W. Holton, Joseph Duncan.

The 124th regiment was in the battle of Champion Hills, at the siege of Vicksburg, and at the siege of Spanish Fort; was discharged at Chicago, August 15th, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

One Year Regiment. Organized February 21st, 1865.

Joshua H. Scott, mustered out as corporal; William To-land, mustered out as corporal; Abraham Weaver, corporal, mustered out as private; William Cecil, Benjamin F. Johnson, Lemuel H. Johnson, Albert D. New; Hiram Saddler, mustered out as sergeant; Abel F. Spiva, Felix Thomas, James L. Woodard.

The service of the 148th regiment consisted mainly of guard duty in Tennessee. Discharged at Springfield, September 9th, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

One Year Regiment. Organized at Quincy, February 25th, 1865.

Chauncey W. Scoville, Ambersen Seaton.

Sent to Macon, Georgia, and to Kingston; in no battles—guard and garrison duty. Discharged at Springfield, February 8th, 1866.

SECOND ILLINOIS ARTILLERY. BATTERY H.

Battery H was Organized at Camp Butler, December 31st, 1861.

James H. Dean, Leonard F. Mills.

Company H of the 2d Artillery was at the siege of Fort Donelson, and at Fort Pillow. Their service was mainly in Kentucky and Tennessee. A portion of the time they were mounted and armed as cavalry and served as scouts. Discharged at Springfield, July 29th, 1865.

There was a period in the early part of the war in which the patriotism of Illinois so overflowed its own proper channels as to supply a considerable force to fill the deficiency in the quota of the sister State of Missouri. A considerable number of recruits from this vicinity were in this way enrolled in Missouri regiments. In regard to these, we are at the disadvantage of having no access to official records by which to correct errors in our list of names, or to give facts as to promotions, or, in most cases, any particulars of the death of those of the number who died in the service.

By comparison with, and corrections from the official report of the Adjutant General of Illinois, the record just made of enlistments, etc., from this vicinity, in the various

Illinois regiments designated, possesses about all the value of an official record. With these explanations to account for any errors or deficiencies that may be found in what follows, we proceed, with the sources of information at hand, to make up our local record of enlistments :

SEVENTH MISSOURI CAVALRY.

William H. Bell, Henry Whitney, George Butler, James Ross, Archibald Montgomery, Alfred Michael; A. J. Hughes, afterwards in 155th Illinois Infantry; Rezin Hughes, died in the service; Hezekiah Hughes, Jesse Clark, George Mikesell.

This regiment was on duty in northern Missouri for some time, watching and regulating the bushwhackers. Later in the war they were in more active service in southwest Missouri, and in Arkansas, where they were in a number of battles of more or less importance.

TENTH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

Organized in the Fall of 1861, at St. Louis.

It consisted at first almost entirely of Illinois men, but afterwards three companies of Missouri troops were added to it. Our locality had the following representatives in this regiment: viz.,

W. D. Burdett; John T. Hayden, died in the service; Samuel Ritchey, died at St. Louis, May 18th, 1862; George Parks; James Cox, accidentally shot; Samuel F. Haggard; Delancy Higby, shot at Jackson, Mississippi, died of wounds, June 4th, 1863; John Wade, died at Andersonville; Henry Horney, Thomas J. Farley, George Haggard, Lewis Roberts, Frank Cook, Gilmore W. Smith, Dennis McDonald, Jesse Hendrickson; James M. Smith, died in the service; Alson Wier, James Ewing, William Ewing.

The 10th Missouri was in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, siege of Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, etc.

THOSE WHOSE REGIMENTS ARE NOT DESIGNATED.*

The following list comprises names from our vicinity, a portion of which we are unable to find in the Adjutant General's official report. Another portion of the list has been furnished us since making up the foregoing record :

* The numbers of regiments, and other memoranda found in this list mainly furnished after the list of names was completed.

William Saddler, 89th Illinois Volunteers—Railroad Regiment; Peter Wade, 89th Illinois Volunteers, died at Chattanooga, June 30th, 1864; David M. Sell, 146th Illinois Volunteers; Solomon T. Sell, 146th Illinois Volunteers; Wesley Parks, died in the service; James Johnson, William E. Botts; Moses Holliday, engineer corps; Francis M. Holliday, musician, 84th Illinois, killed near Kenesaw Mountain, June, 1864; James Purdham, 84th Illinois; Samuel Purdham, 2d lieutenant, 59th Illinois; Meshack Purdham, 59th Illinois; Hiram Watts, Joseph Bayles, Thomas Hamilton, Benjamin Hamilton, Joseph Cox, Thomas Cox, Willis Kneff, James W. Johnson, Hugh Wear, Jonathan Barney; Joseph Jenkins, died in the service; Thomas Jenkins, James Wilson, Pelatiah Wilson, Charles Wilson.

The above lists comprise about 260 names of persons enlisted from this vicinity—territory embracing about two and a half townships: viz., St. Mary's, Lamoine, and about half of Birmingham township. The record, undoubtedly, is still incomplete. Of those recorded, twenty per cent. of the entire number—over fifty persons—sealed their devotion to the cause with their lives.

We have one more list to present, comprising present residents of Plymouth who were in the service, enlisted elsewhere:

Robert H. Ellis, Augusta, 2d lieutenant, 119th Illinois Infantry, October 7th, 1862, promoted 1st lieutenant October 2d, 1863, promoted captain September 30th, 1864.

Samuel Wilson, Bethel, lieutenant colonel, 16th Illinois Infantry, May 24th, 1861, resigned September, 1862.

Asaph J. Davis, Littleton, captain, 10th Missouri Infantry, accidentally drowned at Birmingham, June 6th, 1863.

Jay Davis, Massachusetts Infantry, service on the coast of North Carolina and Virginia and at Petersburg and Richmond.

Rev. Wilson F. Cellar, 82d Ohio; service in West Virginia with Fremont, army of the Potomac with Pope, army of the Cumberland with Sherman. Mustered out as commissary sergeant.

William Wightman, quarter-master's sergeant, 14th Vermont Infantry; service about the defenses of Washington—General

Heintzelman's division; with General Meade at Gettysburg, where the 14th Vermont lost about one hundred men.

George H. McDaniel, 143d Ohio Infantry; service in the tenth army corps, on the Potomac, General McBirney.

Calvin M. Covert, Camp Point, recruit, 50th Illinois Infantry. Mustered in, February, 1864; mustered out, July, 1865.

Robert W. Covert, Camp Point, recruit, 50th Illinois Infantry. Mustered in, January, 1865; mustered out, July, 1865.

RECRUITING EXTRAORDINARY.

Our local history of the war would be incomplete should we omit the following little episode that occurred during the earlier and darker days of the war. The event may be placed in the summer of 1862. The spirit of rebellion began to manifest itself quite decidedly in our midst and about us. A "fire in the rear" was proposed as a diversion in favor of the enemy.

The fact that there was an actual organization in our midst, for the purpose of obstructing the government in all practicable ways, in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, rests upon very conclusive evidence.

The more intelligent leaders of the democratic party, foreseeing the danger and disaster that might result from going a step too far in the direction indicated, made some efforts to allay the threatened storm.

Colonel Dick Richardson was sent here to make a speech. His effort, on the whole,

was a very fair war speech, calculated to allay excitement and harmonize all parties in the prosecution of the war.

Subsequent events proved that other parties had taken the case in hand also. In Colonel Richardson's audience were two other active workers in the Union cause. These were members of the United States secret service,—here ostensibly in the guise of agents of the rebel government. In this latter capacity they circulated themselves freely among the crowd, finding plenty of friendly sympathizers, into whose confidence they readily ingratiated themselves, and from whom they obtained all the necessary information they desired.

After the meeting broke up, one of the detectives adjourned, with a number of his newly made friends, to a saloon "out in the bush" beyond the corporation limits, where they drank together the health of Jeff. Davis, in as good whisky, no doubt, as Rebeldom could afford. After a jolly time together, the exercises were closed in an orthodox way by the detective "taking up a collection" for the cause he had represented so successfully: the exact amount thereof we are unable to state; but the agent considered it ample for the occasion. The meet-

ing adjourned; and as night drew the thick curtains of darkness down over the scene, the detectives "silently folded their tents," if they had any, and disappeared.

The scene opens again, say two or three days after the occurrences noted above. A train came up from Quincy during the night, containing a little squad of United States soldiers. Part of the squad dropped off quietly at Plymouth; the remainder went on to the next station—Colmar. There three men were very promptly recruited for some special service the government had in view for them, and put on board the train, which then fell back to Augusta. The squad of soldiers that stopped at Plymouth, picked up a guide here without much delay, and took up their line of march westward. They were soon rewarded for their efforts by picking up a sturdy recruit by the wayside. Going forward over hill and dale, another was found at some distance from the first. Here, dismissing their guide, they made a detour and struck the railroad at Augusta, where they made another recruit. They found their comrades awaiting them there, and uniting their forces, found themselves in charge of a company of six. Although this formed quite a nucleus for an organization,

the officers were not altogether happy. Both squads came in short of the number of men that had been "booked" for this occasion. Some of the number had managed to elude the soldiers, and bravely *ran away*—perchance to fight another day. This shortage left the new company rather heavily officered in proportion to the rank and file; the latter, however, comprised some solid men. Among the officers of the new company we may designate the *commissary*, selected on account of his experience in providing such supplies as were supposed to be an excellent stimulant to rebel spirits—a *chief bugler*, whose professional practice had given him a great capacity for *blowing*—and lastly, a *surgeon* and *physician*, that the wants of the sick and wounded might be properly attended.

The company proceeded at once to St. Louis, via Quincy. Among other agreeable traveling companions on the journey was one of the detectives whose acquaintance some of them had the pleasure of making at Plymouth a few days previously.

The company reported at the office of the United States marshal, by whom they were assigned to duty. The nature of the service to which they were assigned, we are unable

to give in detail. Suffice it to say that the new recruits proved such ready learners under the faithful tuition that they received in the duties due to the United States Government that they were considered competent for graduation in less than two weeks from the time of their enlistment. They returned to their homes to practice the lessons learned, and to aid in enforcing them upon their neighbors.

CHAPTER XVI.

Birmingham lies at the extreme southeastern limit of the territory we have described as Round Prairie, being at the junction of Flour Creek with Crooked Creek. Having, in previous chapters, given some description of the locality, with traditions of Indian history, etc., our attention now is directed especially to the more important facts concerning the town. Its history as a town bears even date with Plymouth, being laid out in 1836. The original proprietors were David Graham, David and Moses Manlove. Of these the former only survives, and is still a resident of the place.

The town plat comprises about fifteen acres, and is located on the northeast quarter of section eleven (11), township 3 N. 4 W.

The mill enterprise preceded the town in point of time, the latter growing, as a result, out of the former. The mill was built in 1835-6 by David Graham and Robert Wilson. A year or two later Wilson sold out his interest to the brothers David and Moses Manlove.

[The story is told that Wilson retired from the firm because of a slight "unpleasantness" with his partner, in which some very *striking* arguments were used, that not only floored Wilson, but let him through the floor into the creek below. Such logic was so overwhelming that he retired from the firm in disgust.]

The first house in Birmingham was built of logs, in the mill yard, and was put up for the accommodation of some of the employes of the mill.

The first school in the place was taught by William Noel in 1837, in one of the rooms of David Graham's house. The following year the first school house was put up. This stood in an oak grove south of town, across Flour Creek.

An incident occurred at this school house in 1848 that is thought to be worthy of notice. Dr. Newell Sapp, then a student of medicine, was teaching at the time.

During a severe storm a large oak tree blew down and fell across the building, crushing one side down to the floor, and the opposite side to within about four feet of the floor. A catastrophe involving a probable loss of life and limb was averted by the inmates gathering on the side of the building least damaged by the crash.

The school house in the village was built in 1853, and was used for several years, not only for school purposes but also for religious meetings.

A Sunday school was organized in Birmingham in 1842 by Mr. Briscoe and Carr King.

The Methodist Church of Birmingham was organized in 1842 by Elders Barger and Bell.

Of the original members of this church we have been unable to obtain a complete list. The following, however, were among the number :

Francis M. Graham, Mary Graham, James Graham, William Graham, Elizabeth Sapp.

The preachers, in addition to those named

above, have been, W. Oliver, — Crane, Joseph Johnson, — Dickerson, — Phinkbine, — Borton, — Williams, — Clevinger, — Keener, — Wallace, — Davison, — Jordon, — Stubble, and — Tipton.

The house of worship was built in 1866 ; it is a neat frame building, in size 35 by 40 feet. This being the only church building in the place, is frequently opened for the use of other denominations.

Although out of its chronological order, we notice here, as a part of the religious history of the place, a revival of great power, that took place in 1874, under the labors of John P. Dawson, then a lay evangelist, now a licensed minister of the Presbyterian Church. The marked features of the work were, that nearly all its subjects were adults, many of them far advanced in life ; and that nearly the entire adult population of the place were subjects of it.

Out of this revival grew

The Presbyterian Church of Birmingham.

This was organized April 22d, 1875, by a committee of Schuyler Presbytery, consisting of Rev. W. F. Cellar and Elder A. W. King.

The original members of this church were, S. R. Sapp, T. C. Noel, Mrs. E. C. Noel,

Mrs. Ann M. Sapp, David Graham, Mrs. Lucinda Graham, James M. Groves, Mrs. E. B. Groves, William Noel, Mrs. Anna Noel, Mrs. Sarah Carden, Miss M. A. Johnson, Frank Graham, Miss Clara B. Sapp, Mrs. Louisa Sapp, Miss Janette Sell, Miss Viola Sell, Miss Emma Crawford, Miss Mary Howell, Mrs. M. L. Sapp, Mr. C. C. McPherson, together with James G. King and his wife (Mary King), and their two children, Emma and Louisa, from the Presbyterian Church of Plymouth. Total membership at the time of organization, twenty-five.

This church has been supplied with preaching, since its organization, on Sabbath afternoons, by Rev. W. F. Cellar, of Plymouth.

Sunday schools. Since the first, as noticed above, a Sunday school has been maintained with a good deal of irregularity. For several years its existence depended upon such labors as James G. King and Nathan F. Burton found time to bestow upon it. More recently, however, under the superintendence of Joshua Hedgecock, it has assumed a form of more permanence and consequent prosperity.

Business of Birmingham. It is not our purpose to give minute details concerning

the business men and enterprises of Birmingham. But some of the more prominent facts will be of general interest. The mill has been the means of attracting custom from a considerable extent of country to this point; and during the earlier history of the place, when mills were few and far between, this advantage was far greater than now. Until the building of the C. B. and Q. R. R. the facilities of Birmingham for business communication with the commercial centers of trade were fully equal to those of any of its neighboring towns.

These were the palmy days in the business history of the place. Among those to reap the benefits of the situation during this period were David and William H. Graham—the first mercantile firm in the field, commencing in 1836. They were succeeded by William H. Graham, William Noel and Elihu Meredith. In 1846 Captain William Wright came upon the field, and continued in business for about twenty years. In 1847 John J. Hipple commenced business and continued until his removal to Plymouth in 1854.

Among others engaged in mercantile business for various periods since, we mention David McCreary, D. Graham, D. P. Graham

and George Smith, David M. Sapp, — McGookin, Phineas Wells, Q. J. Meacham, — Johnson, and Mrs. Sarah Carden.

Quite an extensive manufacture of fanning-mills was carried on here about 1838-40 by William Noel and H. F. Sapp. Birmingham has been somewhat noted for its business in cooperage and cooperage stock, the most extensive operator being William Noel.

Professional. The Principal physicians of the place have been William Booten, 1838-40; J. M. Randolph, 1842-48; John McCreary, Newell Sapp, 1850-65. Birmingham supported an attorney, Adam Sapp, for a number of years—a luxury that but few towns of its size could afford, nor could Birmingham have done it but for the thriving business done by *Alf. Davis and others of his class in the whisky trade.* The regions just beyond Birmingham proved a powerful feeder to its trade in this line. We might put our finger on the date of a single year during which the notorious A. D. sold on an average five gallons of *whisky* per day for the entire year, to say nothing of fancy drinks or of liquors obtained from other than a single source. *Alf.* was in a fair way to get some of his dues in this world at one time in the Schuyler County jail, under a

heavy sentence of fine and imprisonment for selling liquor in violation of law. The temperance men of Birmingham and vicinity have not yet ceased to be indignant at the men and means used to secure his release.

The region beyond Birmingham that we have referred to, is known as *Gin Ridge*; and whether willingly or not, Birmingham must take a large share of the responsibility, not only of its name, but also of the character it bore for so many years. (Like Birmingham, Gin Ridge has been renovated by the power of the Gospel.)

Some of the earlier business men of Birmingham were engaged in the liquor trade. "Once upon a time" they were hauling a load of the stuff from Beardstown — a choice, assorted load, — the time was winter, and they were hauling it — the liquor — on a sled. The load either became very heavy, or the sled got weak-kneed under its influence and broke down, just as men do who attempt to carry too much of it. There they were! in these same "regions beyond." Night was upon them and it was fearfully cold. The best they could do was to abandon both liquor and sled for the night, and make their way home. The next morning, on returning to gather up the remains of the:

wreck, they found that a barrel of whisky had been tapped and tested, and that a *keg of gin* had disappeared entirely. To this circumstance *Gin Ridge* owes its name.

While upon the subject of *regions beyond*, another, perhaps, deserves a passing notice on account of its euphonious (?) name. We refer to a ridge of land lying immediately south of Round Prairie and between Flour Creek and Williams' Creek, terminating at the confluence of these two streams, just above Birmingham. This point east of the Augusta prairie, is very rolling, dry land, possessing a decided advantage in the production of crops in very wet seasons, but suffering proportionately in dry seasons. It is said that Mr. Harvey Garrett, a well-known citizen of years ago, after successive failures of the corn crop, in which the ears were few and small—nothing but *nubbins*—determined to perpetuate the fact by naming the locality NUBBIN RIDGE. The name remains, whether the seasons be wet or dry. But we must cease our digressive rambling and get back to Birmingham.

A post office was established in Birmingham about 1840, William Noel, postmaster, who served until 1848. His successors have been as follows: F. Patterson, until 1850;

D. McCreary, until 1852; D. P. Graham, up to 1857; J. H. Graham, until 1859; Benjamin Sapp, for a few months of the latter year; Adam Sapp, until his death in 1874, and his widow, Mrs. Ann Sapp, since that time. This office was supplied weekly from Plymouth until 1858, at which time a weekly route was established through to Rushville from Plymouth, via Birmingham, Brooklyn, etc. Since July, 1874, this has been a tri-weekly route.

One of the important manufactures of Birmingham is that of *maple sugar*. This business, however, is not confined to Birmingham, but at various points on Crooked Creek as it borders on Round Prairie there are sugar camps, perhaps a dozen or more in number, at which the owners or renters spend the entire season of the "run" in camp, gathering the "sugar water" and boiling it down. There is much of romance in this wild camp life, for a season, in the woods — especially for occasional visitors, — but more of the rough experiences of genuine frontier life in earlier days.

We have no statistics of the average sugar crop in this vicinity, which varies greatly as the season proves favorable for its production, or otherwise; but it must aggregate

several thousand pounds. The greater part of the crop finds a ready market for home consumption, but in seasons favorable for a large supply, a considerable amount is sent abroad.

Birmingham has been, during most of its history, at a serious disadvantage in its communication with its neighbors on the opposite side of Crooked Creek. It is only since 1872 that they have enjoyed the benefits of a bridge across that stream. Previously such communication depended upon the water being low enough to make the ford—just below the mill—available, or upon a skiff, or rope ferry, as means of crossing. Flour Creek was bridged at this point many years ago, the old structure giving way to a neat, substantial iron bridge which has recently been erected.

Some sad accidents have occurred at Birmingham. One of these took place in 1851, resulting in the death of Mr. William Scott by drowning. He was engaged with others in rafting logs to the mill. The creek was high and the current very strong, and as they approached the mill the raft became unmanageable and threatened to go over the dam. The men on the raft thought their safety depended upon leaving it and swimming

ashore. In this attempt all succeeded but the one named above.

The account of another accident we copy substantially as published in one of the county papers at the time :

“A sad affair occurred in Birmingham, Schuyler County, on Saturday, June 6th, 1868, by which three persons lost their lives by drowning in attempting to cross Crooked Creek, and a fourth barely escaped the same fate. The party consisted of the wife and two children of Dr. A. W. King, of Plymouth, and a cousin of Mrs. King, Captain Asaph J. Davis, company A, 10th Missouri Infantry. They were returning from a visit to their friends at Littleton, and as the creek was too high to ford, they were about driving on a small flatboat that is kept there by the mill company for the accommodation of their customers. A young man inexperienced in the management of the boat ran it across for them, and was attempting to hold it to the shore by hand instead of fastening it securely, as he should have done. Captain Davis, taking it for granted that the boatman knew his business and was doing his duty properly, attempted to drive on. As the wheels of the buggy—a covered one with the top up—struck the edge of

the light flatboat it shoved it into the stream, and the buggy with its occupants sank at once, dragging the team off the boat backward. Captain Davis, with characteristic disinterestedness, directed all his efforts to save the others, and at the sacrifice of his own life succeeded in rescuing the oldest child, a little girl of three years. Mrs. King's body was taken out first, but all efforts at resuscitation were unavailing. The other bodies were recovered a few hours later.

“Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock, the funeral was attended at the Presbyterian Church in Plymouth by one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in the place. The three lifeless forms of Mrs. King and her youngest child, a boy one year old, and Captain Davis, now rest peacefully beneath the sod, bleeding hearts and desolate homes only remaining as the sad mementoes of the calamity that has visited a large circle of friends both east and west.

“Captain Davis was a native of Warwick, Massachusetts, widely and favorably known in this region from his connection with the army.

“After the war he returned to Roxbury, Massachusetts, was married about a year

ago, and came west this spring to make arrangements for a permanent home here, expecting to bring his wife out in the fall.

“On Monday, June 1st, a few friends spent a very pleasant evening with Dr. King’s family celebrating the fifth anniversary of their wedding, little thinking that the week so happily begun would end with so fearful a calamity, blighting the brightest hopes, and desolating a happy home.”

Macomb Journal, June 10th, 1868.

Future prospects. For twenty years past Birmingham has been at a disadvantage with neighboring towns in her lack of railroad facilities. There seems to be a reasonable probability that this condition may be remedied in the not distant future. Two different lines of railroad have been surveyed somewhat recently, both crossing Crooked Creek at Birmingham. Owing to the general stagnation of railroad enterprises, in connection with the prevailing business depression, nothing further has been done; but with the revival of business prosperity, railroad enterprises will again go forward. Two lines of railroad—one of them referred to above—are now completed to the Illinois river. Both are seeking connections with roads now built or under construction west of the Mississippi. They must have such connec-

tions to make them valuable as through routes. The building of about sixty miles of new road from the Illinois to the Mississippi river, will complete such through connections. One of these roads, the Illinois, Bloomington and Western, now terminates at Havana; the other, the Springfield and Northwestern, terminates at Beardstown.

Strenuous efforts are being made to direct these lines southward to Quincy and northward to Burlington. Should either line adopt a more direct route to Keokuk or Warsaw, such line could scarcely fail to cross Crooked Creek at Birmingham. In this connection a very recent newspaper paragraph says: "The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company are seeking an outlet to the Mississippi river, and that Benjamin E. Smith, of the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad, is offering inducements for that road to run into Warsaw on the line crossing at Havana."

Birmingham may take courage in the hope of yet becoming a railroad town. It has plenty of room in which to grow, should such an event overtake it. The present population of the place is estimated, in the absence of definite statistics, at about seventy-five persons.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister, was killed by a mob in Alton, Illinois, October, 1837. The difficulties leading to this result grew out of his attempt to establish an anti-slavery newspaper at that place.

Round Prairie, the subject of our history, for many years was an important station on a prominent line of the so-called *Underground Railroad*.

The connection between these two historical facts may be worthy of some attention and discussion. Facts and incidents concerning the latter we are assured will be of deep local interest to those for whom we write. The killing of a man, among the millions of earth, may seem almost as insignificant as the crushing of a worm. Should an entire community like Round Prairie be swept away by a tornado, or swallowed up in an earthquake, the event would create but a ripple upon the sensational surface of the daily press of a small portion of the world. But the significance of events are not to be measured always by their apparent importance. A casual observer might have

thought that the firing of the first gun upon Fort Sumpter was an insignificant matter, involving but the waste of a few pounds of powder and iron, costing but a trifle, and hurting nobody. Yet who shall attempt to measure the importance of that act? The inanimate mass of iron hurled thus against the walls of Sumpter, struck a *living principle* deep down in the hearts of the people; has shaken a great nation as in the throes of an earthquake; wasted millions of treasure; drenched many a fair field with human blood, and carried sorrow and mourning to almost every fireside in the land. Why was this, does any one ask? We may answer in the clear light of to-day — because the national sin of human slavery could only be washed out in the nation's best blood. How few realized the real issue. Thousands, with an ardent glow of patriotism hastened to the tented field and an honored soldier's grave, who never saw the guiding hand above, pointing to the enfranchisement of an enslaved race, nor recognized the fact that that hand failed to crown their efforts with success until the leaders fell in with God's plans. The end is not yet; the work is unfinished, but it goes forward with resistless tread. "The mills of the gods grind slow-

ly," expresses an important truth—though the maxim were better with the heathenism of its plurality of gods left out——. A few years are of small moment, as He counts time in the working out of his plans. Years of preparation were necessary in educating a portion of the North up to the point where God could use them as instruments in doing the work He had planned to accomplish through the suppression of the great rebellion.

The death of Lovejoy was one of the links in the chain of educational agencies that God used to train men in the principles of universal freedom. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." That Lovejoy was a martyr to his earnest convictions no one doubts. His blood produced a bountiful harvest in the agitation of the slavery question through all this region. That agitation and discussion brought with it light, knowledge, sympathy for the oppressed, and active effort in their behalf.

Another historical event may be stated here, having a direct personal influence upon a number of the citizens of Round Prairie, giving a keener edge to their sympathies for the oppressed, and to their feelings against the oppressor. We refer to the capture,

and confinement in the Missouri penitentiary, of Alanson Work, James E. Burr and George Thompson, on the charge of "stealing slaves." The first named had been, for a time, a well-known resident of Round Prairie, and at the time of which we write, residing at the Mission Institute, near Quincy, for the purpose of educating his children. The other two persons were young men preparing for the ministry, the latter, George Thompson, then engaged, and afterwards married to a daughter of Lamarcus A. Cook, of this place. These men were captured on Missouri soil, arranging with slaves for their escape to freedom—confessedly an act of imprudence. There is a further fact to be stated, however: viz., at that time, and for nearly three years later, there was no law in Missouri designating that act as a crime, and consequently no *penalty* provided therefor; yet these men were tried, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years. They were pardoned after serving the following terms respectively: viz., Work, three years and a half; Burr, four years and a half; and Thompson, five years.

For further particulars concerning this event, the reader is referred to "*Prison Life and Recollections*," by George Thompson,

one of the prisoners"—a book published in 1847.

The capture of these men occurred in July, 1841. Our record of local incidents commences at about the same time and extends up to the time of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, January 1st, 1863.

The cases cited above are merely illustrative of the thousands of incidents that added fuel to the flame of anti-slavery excitement throughout the entire north. An important form this general movement took on in particular localities, was that of an organized system for aiding refugees from bondage on their way to a land of freedom. This system was designated the Underground Railroad. The secrecy of its workings justified the name. It is too late now to judge the men who carried on this business, by the then prevailing standard of human judgment. We have clearer light, and in that light must recognize God's plans, and the instruments He used in carrying them on.

Much complaint was made by pro-slavery men, against their abolitionist neighbors, for bad citizenship, as manifested in their disregard of the requirements of the slave laws. While it must be admitted that the charge contains a technical truth, as viewed in a

legal light, we think the taunt well met in the answer sometimes made to it: viz., "That if, in the free State of Illinois, men and women, guilty of no crimes save wearing a black skin that God gave them, and a love of liberty, were permitted to enjoy the right of passing at will, by day or night, upon our public highways, there would have been no just cause of complaint. But while such persons did not dare to show themselves in public without the risk—aye, certainty—of being hunted down like wild beasts, it was only the dictates of a common humanity to aid them in their journey by ways concealed from public observation."

Again, this work was deeply imbedded in religious convictions, and warm, earnest human sympathies for the oppressed.

The work, and the workers, thus imbued, were invincible. Human laws are of little avail when they come in conflict with the higher law, and with human sympathies.

There were numerous lines of the U. G. R. R. connecting the border slave States with Canada, working independently of each other. Some were thoroughly organized and efficiently managed; others mere avenues over which passengers, like Pat on the towpath of the canal, worked their passage:

as best they might. Ours was a first-class line. Its general route was virtually approved by its adoption by the great corporation now known as the C., B. and Q. R. R. connecting the central metropolis with the southwest and west. Its track was more flexible; deviating sometimes this way, and sometimes the other, as circumstances required, the main circumstance being the safety of the freight. The transit of passengers by the U. G. R. R. through the free States (*free!* shall we write it, while they were bound and gagged by slave laws?—well, that question, also, is now closed) was always a precarious one. The robbing and plundering of trains was frequent then, as it is now—profitable also, and far safer then than now. Train robbers could take the plundered property back to the consignors—former owners—and reap a rich money reward, and return to repeat the operation as often as they found the opportunity—safe within the protecting arms of the law. Hundreds along the line stood ready to avail themselves of such facilities for plunder and reward. The managers of the U. G. R. R. took all the risks, and they were neither few nor small. Railroading under such circumstances required personal sympathy in the

business, cool judgment, shrewdness in planning, skill in executing, and pluck to meet emergencies.

Upon the line of which we write, or the small section of it coming within our immediate notice, Quincy and vicinity was the main depot upon the border; Mendon, Augusta, Plymouth, Macomb, Galesburg, and other points beyond, prominent way-stations upon the line, with side tracks, or deflections, reaching Laharpe, Huntsville, and intermediate places, to be used as necessity required. These points are named as indicating the general course of the U. G. R. R. line, and not as fixing precisely the location of depots. These depots were peculiar in their character. While all was plain to the initiated, the Egyptians might about as well have hunted the lynch-pins of their crippled chariots in the darkness and fog of their night march into the Red Sea, as for an outsider to attempt the search for freight at an U. G. R. R. depot. And yet anybody in the neighborhood could tell him without any hesitation the names, and point out the residences of half-a-dozen men well known as prominent U. G. railroad men. These depots were very much like the Irishman's flea, who "when he went to put his

finger on it, found it wasn't there." We might name, say, half-a-score of places on Round Prairie where a consignment of U. G. freight would be received, or put in the way of a welcome reception, duly cared for, and forwarded on its way with all the despatch that safety to the freight would permit. These names were as well known then as now; and yet, outsiders, knowing such freight to have been received, almost universally found the search for it to be a fruitless effort.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT.

The trains on the U. G. usually ran at night, but not always. Conductor Z— had a run to make from this station to the next, with a consignment consisting of a negro man, his wife and child. His skill and pluck were equal to any emergency, and his plans for this run exhibited both.

He hitched up his team one morning for the trip, got the negro man under the seat of the wagon and covered him so as to conceal him thoroughly from view, had his wife wrap the negro woman in such of her outside wearing apparel as was best known to those with whom Mrs. Z— frequented in public, and with her face well covered by

a thick veil, Conductor Z— took the woman with her child in arms, on the seat by his side, and drove directly into Plymouth— just where such freight, if recognized, would have been quickly captured as a valuable prize, stopped in front of the post office, and went in for his mail, leaving his team in charge of the one that passers by would naturally suppose to be Mrs. Z—. He chatted with the bystanders in and about the office in his familiar and jovial way, as he often does yet, apparently in no hurry, until the social interchanges were exhausted, then he resumed his seat in the wagon and drove leisurely out of town, and made his run to Laharpe early in the afternoon. Knowing the risk of making a delivery of such freight by daylight without a previous knowledge that the way was clear, he left his load in a cornfield near his destination, and went on alone to report his trip to the agent at Laharpe. The man was absent from the house, and there was considerable delay in seeing him. When the arrangements were completed for the reception of the dusky guests, Z— went back to the cornfield to bring them in, but found they were gone; yet they could be readily tracked over the soft ground. Following the trail

he had not gone far when he noticed the negro down close to the ground, drawing a bead on him with a revolver. "Halloo! Ginger; what are you about there!" Z— shouted hastily. Recognizing the voice, the negro came forward to explain. The delay in Z—'s return had excited the negro's suspicions that something was going wrong, and he had taken his wife and child away and concealed them, and was now back on his trail to defend them and himself. He said that after all he had gone through to make his escape with his family, it was too late to think of being taken back alive. This man's story, if wrought up by as skillful hands, would match, in thrilling interest, some of Mrs. Stowe's most powerful pictures in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As an illustration of the motives that led thousands to escape from the border States, we give a condensed narrative of this man's experience for about a year previous to the time at which we leave him and his family safe at Laharpe.

GINGER'S STORY.

Mr. Z— has incidentally furnished a name for our hero. *Ginger*, like a great majority of his fellows in the border States, where slave-

ry prevailed in a much milder form than further south, was not over-worked, underfed, or subjected to great abuse. In fact, his social and physical condition, in most respects, would differ but little from that of the ordinary laborer of the north. He and his class of people might have been tolerably happy and contented in their condition, but for the constant apprehension of being sold to southern slave traders, and thus separated from home, friends, and everything they held dear. Love for these things is not to be measured by the color of the skin, but lies deep down in every true human heart. To the border state bondman, being sold to go south was dreaded next to, and in many cases even more, than death. This terror was kept fresh in their minds by its frequent occurrence. Did a slave-holder get in a strait for money, from any cause whatever, the sale of a likely negro or two afforded ready relief, and was resorted to with as little hesitation as a northern farmer would sell a surplus horse or pig for a similar reason.

Ginger's fears had been excited by the fact that a cousin of his had recently been sold and sent south. And now the dread fact was brought to his knowledge that he

too was sold, and within two weeks was to be delivered, to the dreaded slave trader. This fact his master was anxious to keep from him; but by a thorough system of espionage by the slaves over their masters, they managed to get a knowledge of most of their plans, which were readily communicated to each other.

Ginger quickly devised a plan of his own, which he greatly preferred to the one made for him by his master. Bidding his wife and infant child a hasty farewell, he made his way safely to the north. Here he spent nearly a year; and finding the freedom and immunities of his changed condition so agreeable, as compared with the risks of slavery, he determined to return to Missouri and get his wife and child, that they might enjoy freedom together. He had also a friend that he wished to help away if he could—a crippled negro that he thought would enjoy freedom as well as himself. Ginger's mission was one of great risk and danger, but his love was stronger than his fears; he determined to accomplish it or die in the attempt.

Communication with and through the colored people was easy and usually safe. Keeping himself in concealment, he sent

word to his crippled friend to meet him at a specified time and place in the woods, to make their plans for the exodus, to which the cripple signified his assent.

At the appointed time, Ginger, without yet revealing himself, was on a sharp look-out for his friend. In the distance he saw a negro approaching. As he came nearer, it was evident that he lacked the limping gait of the expected friend; then other parties appeared in different directions, and Ginger saw that he was betrayed and a trap set for his capture. He fled like a hunted deer, and when the guard closed in, the game was gone. Bloodhounds were called into requisition to follow the trail, and hot pursuit was made for a distance of five miles.

By running some distance in the streams on his way, and other devices for foiling the dogs and throwing them off his trail, Ginger finally eluded his pursuers and made good his escape. His presence in the neighborhood, and his errand there, being now fully known, extreme caution was necessary in all his future movements. Keen strategy was displayed by both parties — by his pursuers to entrap and capture him, and by Ginger to evade the snare, and secure an interview with his wife, which as yet he had

been unable to effect. Hoping to draw him into a trap, Ginger's wife was sent out to a stream in the woods to do a job of washing, and was kept there for several days under a concealed guard, expecting Ginger would improve the opportunity for an interview. This trap proved too transparent; Ginger kept at a safe distance from it. The master then sent the woman out of the neighborhood, several miles away, hoping thus to throw Ginger off her track, and at least save her, if he could not capture him. Faithful friends, however, kept him informed of her whereabouts, and soon again he was watching with eagle eyes her routine of work, and calculating the chances it afforded for the much desired interview.

One evening while she was milking the cows, Ginger crept upon his belly for eighty rods across a meadow through the grass, to get near the milk house, where she must come with the milk, some distance from the family residence. To his dismay, when she came, there was another woman with her, and also the house dog, which had nothing to do but snuff around until it stumbled upon Ginger in his hiding place, when it set up such an alarm, that a hasty retreat was Ginger's only alternative.

Fortunately, he again made good his escape from pursuit. His wife was moved to still another neighborhood, and a closer watch kept upon her movements. Here Ginger's eye was soon upon her and her surroundings again, taking in the opportunities for the interview and escape. He found that she was confined at night in a room upon the ground floor, from which she could only be got out through the window. Immediately over her room, in the second story was another, where two men were kept on guard all night. Their window, directly over hers, was kept open, so that, by leaning out occasionally as they sat by it, they could see if anything went wrong below.

The attempt to see his wife, and get her away, under such circumstances, was desperately dangerous, and yet Ginger determined to take the risk.

He noticed that the guard by the upper window were apparently playing cards, and evidently interested in the game. This was favorable to his plans. Approaching the house at the rear, he crawled around the corner on hands and knees to the window, where he attracted the attention of his wife by a very slight signal. Through a broken window light the escape was quickly planned.

By their united effort the window was quietly raised ; the sleeping child, now about a year old, was passed out to its father, followed by the mother, and creeping around the corner unobserved, they made their way to the barn, took the best horse they could find, mounted, and rode, that night, to the Mississippi river. The horse was turned loose to make its way home as best it might, while they concealed themselves until another night should afford the opportunity of crossing the river. Through the day, Ginger, from his place of concealment, watched the movements of a man plying a skiff, for the purpose of learning how to manage it—an art that as yet he did not understand. Night came ; Ginger took the skiff and managed to work it across the river with his precious freight, but not without discovery and hot pursuit, that came near wrecking all his fond hopes just as they had reached—we were about to write, freedom's shore. That, however, would be more poetic than truthful. There were yet many weary, dangerous stages in the journey, before they could feel themselves safe upon freedom's shore.

With the remark that all these dangers were safely passed, we take our leave of Ginger and his family, feeling that he was

about right in saying to Mr. Z—, after drawing his revolver upon him in the cornfield at Laharpe, that “It is too late now, sir, to think of going back to Missouri alive.”

A COLLISION—TRAIN ROBBERY.

The U. G. R. R. was subject to accidents, as well as other lines of railroad. Serious collisions sometimes occurred, resulting, as such things usually do, from a variety of causes. Sometimes confidence was misplaced, and a traitor admitted to a knowledge of the mysteries of the management, and allowed to take a hand in the running of trains. Such employes were well calculated to make a “mess” of things, as the following illustration will show :

A consignment had been received at Augusta late in the summer of 1849, consisting of two large, stout negro men, and a slender mulatto boy of 18 or 20 years. The boy had been a steward on a Mississippi river steamer. Augusta was well supplied with skillful, prudent managers of their U. G. depot ; but, unfortunately, one of the class above described had ingratiated himself into their confidence, and had been used several times successfully in the running of trains. This consignment had been placed

in his care some distance out of town. It was a valuable lot of freight. The respective owners of the negroes had offered \$100 each for their safe return to Hannibal, Missouri. This was a tempting bait. The traitor determined to improve the opportunity, and made his arrangements accordingly. Three determined men were let into the secret, and given timely notice for the necessary preparations.

Resistance was expected, as the negroes were armed with dirks and heavy clubs. One of the party went into the fray on principle (?), like Pat into the free fight at the fair, for a "bit of sport." This man we shall call Mr. A—, the other two B— and C—. The leader we may as well call Judas for convenience, the missing link in the appropriateness of the name being the fact that he has not yet "went and hanged himself." The arrangement made with the negroes was that a night run should be made, from their place of concealment on *Nubbin Ridge* to Macomb, the negroes to go on foot, led by a young man of the regular U. G. force, whom we shall call Mr. D—. He was acting in good faith, but had been decoyed into this movement by Judas, as a blind, to help conceal its real character.

Judas was to go with the party to see them safely across Crooked Creek at the Lamoin bridge, as this was the only point at which any danger of an attack upon the train might be apprehended, if a knowledge of its passage had by any means leaked out. From this point he was to return home.

The eventful night came. The attacking party proceeded to the bridge, but came near breaking up on the way, because an old man who had been informed of the situation by one of their number, insisted on going in with them. Two of the party were determined he should have nothing to do with it, or they would not. It was finally agreed that the old man should stay out. The three went on and concealed themselves at the north end of the bridge to await the arrival of the train. Judas led the train to the bridge, Mr. D— bringing up the rear on horseback, carrying the meager baggage of the negroes. The negroes had been warned by Judas that this was the dangerous place in their journey; and now he advised that if attacked, they fight their way through if possible; but if compelled to retreat, they make their way back to his house as speedily as possible. With this advice he left them to make their way across as best they

might. When near the north end of the bridge they were confronted by A—, B— and C—, and ordered to surrender. This was the signal for a lively fight, during which Judas hid himself under the bridge, out of harm's way. Mr. D—, surprised and alarmed, turned his horse and made lively time towards home. In the mean time the old man, who had determined to be in on his "own hook," if not by consent of parties, and have a share in the spoils, had fallen into line in rear of the train, and now appeared on the field in the nick of time. The result of the fight at the north end of the bridge was that the mulatto boy surrendered, leaving the odds too heavy against the remaining two negroes, who beat a retreat. They were met at the south end by the old man, who ordered a halt. This was answered by a terrific blow from the club of one of the negroes, that broke the old man's gun short off at the breech, cut his ear, and felled him full length on the floor of the bridge. As he fell he exclaimed, "Oh! Lord! I'm killed!" Mr. C—, who had done his best to keep the old man out of, and away from the "scrape," came up at this moment and congratulated him on the happy announcement he had just made, by

saying, "I hope it is true." The gun undoubtedly had saved the old man's life by breaking the force of the blow. As it was, he was stunned and frightened, but not seriously hurt. B— bound up his bruised head; and then, as the two negroes had made their escape, there was nothing more to do but gather up the results of the raid, consisting of the mulatto boy, the wounded man, and the party, and return home. The trip was not altogether pleasant. Their expectations were only very partially realized, and considerable risks had been taken. They were cast down, but not utterly discouraged; they still had hopes of capturing the other two men, based upon their expectation that they would act upon Judas' advice to return to his house. Plans were made accordingly for the completion of the job the next night. With these plans, however, A— announced that he would have nothing to do. Avarice was not his ruling passion; he had entered into the scheme from his natural reckless, daring love of adventure, and did his first hard thinking on the morality and humanity of the affair on the way home that night after the fray. He was not long in reaching conclusions that would class him as a staunch "abolitionist;" and he proved his

faith by making a fruitless effort, the next day, to find the two escaped negroes to warn them of the impending danger that night.

The sequel to this story may be briefly told. The two negroes, not suspecting the treachery of their leader, returned as advised, were captured and taken with the mulatto boy to Hannibal, by the old man and Judas, who received the offered reward. The old man assuming the position of cashier for the party, kept the lion's share for himself.

The member of the party to whom the mulatto boy surrendered, received less than fifteen dollars for his share in the transaction, and the last installment of this amount was squeezed out of the old man under the moral pressure of a revolver, that demanded a fair share of the plunder, or the alternative of having daylight let into his carcass. Upon this gentle persuasion, the old man emptied his pocket, containing five silver half-dollars.

A FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

It was often thought best to start out a train on the U. G. R. R. by daylight ; in fact, day trains were less liable to suspicion, if conducted with due caution, than night trains, but the reception of a consignment by daylight

was ordinarily extra-hazardous. We give an incident or two to show that sometimes this extra-risk, in reality, proved to be the only safeguard against detection and exposure. It was thought that important discoveries and captures might be made if a watch was kept upon the premises of Mr. W—, and for a considerable time his residence was under close scrutiny at night, without any knowledge of the fact on his part, the guard going on duty at dark, and off at daylight.

During this time a covered carriage from Mendon drove up to Mr. W—'s house one afternoon, say two hours before dark, containing the driver and a lady friend of his upon the front seat. Back of this, concealed under the cover, was a negro woman and two children of about seven and twelve years respectively. These Mr. W— was expected to care for and forward. He was surprised that any driver in his senses should bring a consignment of negroes to his place in daylight, exposed as it was to public observation; and with a pretty sharp reproof, and warning not to repeat such an act of supposed imprudence, the driver was dismissed. No hesitation in meeting an emergency was allowable with the true U. G. R. man, and Mr. W. was ready to make the

best of this. The colored woman and children were promptly placed in the garret over the kitchen, duly cared for, and at the earliest favorable opportunity sent in care of a trusty conductor to Macomb.

LOST—STEPPING “DOWN AND OUT.”

On another occasion, three negro men, well armed with rifles, who had started out upon the trip, determined not to be taken back alive, had arrived at Augusta. From there they started, one night, piloted by a young man of the Augusta U. G. force, for the house of Mr. W. at Plymouth. For greater safety they went on foot, keeping away from the road, and under cover of the woods and underbrush. In the darkness of the night they lost their way and wandered about all night in a fruitless effort to reach their destination. Daylight revealed his bearings to the guide, and an hour later the party reached Mr. W—’s, a weary, forlorn company. This party was taken to the woods, concealed and cared for three days, before it was thought prudent to attempt another stage in their journey. Mr. X— undertook to conduct them to Macomb. That station, like this, was widely scattered, having places for the reception of U. G.

freight at various points and distances from town. To one of the more distant of these Mr. X— directed his course. When near his destination, in passing through a strip of woods, he saw some men in the road, some distance ahead, that he at once suspected of being on the lookout for just such freight as he carried. Giving the negroes a hint, they quickly and quietly stepped “down and out” in the rear, and took to the woods, apparently undiscovered. His wagon then presenting no appearance of concealed freight, X— drove on, passed the men, and reported the situation to the proper party at the depot. By means of a concerted signal system, the negroes were readily found, when wanted, duly cared for, and properly forwarded.

GOING TO MARKET.

At one time Mr. W. had a negro man in his charge that he determined to take to Macomb in an open wagon, his only conveyance, and make most of the trip by daylight. He filled a lot of sacks with light chaff from the barn floor, put some hay in the bottom of the wagon, upon which he had the negro lie down at full length, and then piled the bogus sacks of grain upon him, until he was

completely covered. Taking his wife with him, he started, about noon, for Macomb, leaving any curious observers to infer—if they chose to make inferences—that they were bound for market with a load of grain, on a trading expedition. All went well until they got a little beyond Crooked Creek, which they crossed at Lamoin bridge. Here they met three men on horseback. Just as they were nearing each other, Mr. W— looked around to see if his load appeared all right. To his dismay he found that the negro, weary of his constrained position, had drawn up one foot so that his knee protruded between the sacks. At a quick nudge, the knee disappeared, leaving a fair surface again; but the movement had evidently attracted the attention of the horsemen. The load was closely scanned as they passed; they stopped their horses, turned around, watched sharply awhile; but failing to see any more suspicious movements among the sacks, and not comprehending what they had seen, they resumed their course and rode on.

The negro got a sharp reproof for the danger incurred by his exposure, as Mr. W— drove on in a state of mind considerably excited by the narrow escape. As ex-

pected, night overtook them before reaching their destination. In the darkness they came upon a piece of road that had been changed lately. Mr. W— was at a loss which way to go, took the wrong road, and got hopelessly lost. There was no remedy but to inquire the way the first opportunity, and this was about the last thing he wanted to do, as the man he was looking for was well known as a prominent U. G. R. R. man, and inquiries for him might lead to suspicions and revelations that would be very undesirable. Something must be done, however, so he went to the first house he saw, and roused the man from bed and asked the way to Mr. —. The man seemed interested, came out in the yard to point out the way, and went towards the wagon just as he had got out of bed. Hoping to check his curiosity, Mr. W— told him that his wife was in the wagon ; but the man went on to the gate, gave the necessary directions and then retired.

The consignment was safely delivered at its destination, notwithstanding the real and supposed narrow escapes of the trip. It turned out that the curiosity and interest of the man that Mr. W— called up for information as to the way, was not of a dangerous

kind, as he was the son of the man for whom Mr. W— sought, and suspecting the nature of his mission, very kindly interested himself in pointing out the way to his father's house.

DISCOVERY — A NARROW ESCAPE.

Strong proof of the efficiency with which this part of the U. G. R. R. line was managed, is furnished in the fact that no consignment of living freight that had been regularly placed in charge of the agents of the line was ever lost in transit and taken back to Missouri, except the single instance already detailed, resulting from the treachery of an employe.

One of the narrowest escapes may be recorded of a party taken by Mr. X— from this place to Macomb. Before reaching his destination—an out-station there—he stopped his team in the timber, and went with his party on foot, across lots and through by-ways to conceal the movement from observation. He reached the house and delivered his consignment, as he supposed, undiscovered. Returning to his wagon, he was overhauled by a party of men who asked where he had been, and what his business there was, and demanded that he make a “clean breast” of it, and tell them the num-

ber of negroes, and the time they were expected to start on their next stage in the journey; "for," said they, "we mean to have them anyhow." They found Mr. X— apparently very ignorant as to facts, and uncommunicative. Hoping to frighten him into such revelations as they wished to have him make, they claimed him as their prisoner, and threatened to take him to Macomb and put him in jail. Knowing that they could have no warrant for his arrest, he took the matter coolly and parleyed with them until they were satisfied they could get no information from him, when they allowed him to pass. Thinking it unwise for him to attempt to return and warn the agent of the discovery, X— hurried home, arriving at an early hour in the morning. He went immediately to Mr. Z—'s, told him the situation, and advised that he go to Macomb at once and notify the agent of his danger. This was promptly done, and by noon the agent was posted so that he could make such plans as he might to escape the trap that he now knew would be set for him and the negroes in his care. He attempted a ruse to throw the hunters off the track. Taking his wagon to the barn early in the night, he had the cover fixed upon it, threw in some sacks of

grain or chaff, and had one of his men drive off as though he was in a great hurry to get somewhere very soon. Shortly after the wagon left, the agent started with the negroes on foot, in another direction, and across lots, hoping the pursuers would follow, or try to intercept the wagon. In this he was deceived. The ruse they had seen through, and now he found them on his track. In the attempt to capture the negroes they all escaped but one, and while his captors were on the way to Macomb with their prisoner he managed to make good his escape.

As the result of this affair, the agent at Macomb was considerably annoyed by the prospect of a prosecution that threatened to grow out of it, but we are not aware that any serious inconvenience was ever suffered by him as a consequence of it.

BIG HAUL.—A WORTHLESS NEGRO CAPTURED.

We introduce a little incident here, that is worthy of record only because of the essential meanness of some of the transactions connected with it, and as showing that such meanness sometimes meets a fitting reward.

It may not be out of place here to say, that the whole history of slave hunting in

and about Round Prairie furnishes a good illustration of the usual result of doing the devil's dirty work. Large pay is promised as the inducement, but valuable receipts are exceedingly small.

A negro man with more self-confidence than judgment, determined to attempt a passage over the U. G. R. R. line "on his own hook." His plan seemed to indicate that the C., B. & Q. R. R. was his guide as to route, to the line of which he kept as close as he dared. Starting without any knowledge of where to find friends on the way, when hungry he ventured into houses at random to ask for food. Early in his journey he stumbled among enemies in this way, who came near capturing and returning him to Missouri. The mishap broke his self-confidence completely; yet lacking the necessary knowledge, he avoided both friends and foes as far as possible, and suffered greatly in consequence. The weather was cold, and he laid out in the woods at night until his feet were badly frozen. He passed through Round Prairie without finding any of the many friends who would gladly have relieved his wants and helped him on his way, reached Colmar at night, when his sufferings drove him to seek help. He approached a house

and was received with apparent kindness, invited in, offered food and shelter, which were gladly accepted.

During the night a messenger came over to Plymouth and informed a couple of men of the situation, who, armed with guns, went over and succeeded in capturing the poor starved and crippled negro. This brave act accomplished, and not being ready to start at once with their captive to Missouri, they arranged, it is said, with one party to provide for him, and with another to guard him, promising each \$25 for their services, to be paid out of the expected reward. The negro told his captors where and to whom he belonged.

On reaching their destination with the captive, and delivering him to his master, they learned, to their great disgust, that the runaway had not been missed; that if he had been no great effort would have been made for his recovery; no reward was, or would have been offered for him; and that none would now be paid. They succeeded, however, in getting enough from the master to pay their actual traveling expenses, and returned with earnest meditation, no doubt, upon the uncertainty of human events. For information as to whether those claims for

services, at Colmar, have yet been paid, application should be made to the proper parties there.

TRUE MANHOOD.

In marked contrast with the preceding, we give another incident showing how a true manhood rises above all petty considerations of politics or personal self-interest, and recognizes the rights of man without regard to the color of his skin. It had been well if more of his political associates could have learned the lesson he taught — that free men were under no *moral* obligation to lower themselves to the plane of blood-hounds and engage in hunting down negroes like wild beasts.

In all the incidents given we have withheld the names of the living, and of those engaged in any transactions that might be considered questionable in their character; but as he has passed beyond the reach of praise or censure, by friend or foe, we take pleasure in associating the name of Mr. C. H. Cuyler, deceased, with a little transaction in the U. G. R. R. line, alike honorable to himself and a common humanity. Being a prominent democrat, Mr. Cuyler was well known here as having no sympathy with the

U. G. R. R. business. He had received a circular describing two runaway negroes and offering a reward of \$100 each for their apprehension. While this was in his office, two negroes came to his house one night inquiring the way to the house of a prominent U. G. agent. Mr. Cuyler recognized them at once as the men described in the circular. He told them it would be difficult to direct them so that they could find their way to the place, in the dark; "but," said he, "bcys! the best thing you can do is, to come in, get what supper you want, then go and sleep in my barn, come in early in the morning, get your breakfast, and then I will show you which way to go." They acted on his advice, and went on their way in the morning in safety. "Two hundred dollars thrown away!" some negro hunter will exclaim. Aye! indeed!! But Mr. Charles H. Cuyler's manhood was not to be measured by any such paltry standard.

A LIVELY LOAD AND LIVELY TIME.

Mr. Y— called at the house of Mr. W— on his way home from a three days trip to Quincy, and found that a company of six negroes had just arrived, that were to be sent on their way to freedom. There was

a man and his wife, with two children, and a young man, all under the leadership of a negro called Charley, who had been over the line half a dozen times or more. He had become well known to the regular agents of the route. His various trips to and from Missouri had been made for the purpose of getting his wife away; failing in which, he would gather up such friends as he could and pilot them to freedom.

Mr. Y— detailed himself for the service of taking the party to Macomb, to start next morning, making a day trip. The party of six were stowed as well as possible at full length on the bottom of the wagon and covered closely with sacks of straw. These were so light that they showed a decided tendency to jolt out of place, and thus perhaps to make unwelcome revelations on the road. To remedy this a rope was drawn down tightly over the sacks and fastened at the ends of the wagon. This kept things to place, and all went well until near the end of the journey. Here Mr. Y— became doubtful as to the proper road to take, took the wrong one, and passed three young men getting out logs in a piece of woods through which his way led him. He did not dare to stop and inquire the way of them, for fear

they might pry into the nature of his load too closely. As he drove on he thought there was a striking family likeness in the young men, to the man he was looking for. He went on, however, until he came to a cabin a little off the road, where he thought it safer to inquire. As he went in he confronted a man that he recognized only too well as one he cared little to meet on such a mission. But it was a cold, snowy day, and his face was so concealed by his wrappings that he was not recognized by the occupant of the cabin, who gave him the information sought. Mr. Y— found that he had gone too far, had to retrace his way to the woods and there turn off. Here again he came upon the young men who had been delayed with their load by getting “stalled” in a deep rut. Better satisfied now as to their identity, he inquired the way of them. Guessing his mission readily, they made free inquiries about his load, which were answered as freely. Finding “Charley” was in the company, one of the young men determined to frighten him, or at least have a joke at his expense. Calling his name in stern tones, he told him that he knew he had passed over the line several times in safety; “but,” said he, “I have caught you at last;

you are now my prisoner." Charley, still in concealment with the others under the sacks, recognized the voice of an old acquaintance, did not turn white with fear, but enjoyed the pleasantry.

Soon all were safely housed at Mr. ——'s, After supper "all hands" gathered in the parlor, where for a time there was a free intermingling of story, song and mirth; after which an old violin was produced and "operated" upon by some one of the company, while the negroes "let themselves out" into a regular old-fashioned plantation "hoe down," which lasted until all were ready to retire with aching sides from excess of fun. This evening's entertainment is noted as a particularly bright spot in U. G. R. R. experience — *brightened with genuine negro polish.*

A PAIR OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

We ought not to forget what slavery was, nor what it did. To refresh our memory let us look at a photograph or two.

One day a genteel looking young man of somewhat dark complexion came to Mr. Y—'s and conversed with him some time before he was suspected of being a fugitive. When asked if this was his position, he frankly admitted it.

On his way over he had met Mrs. Y— and another lady, and inquired of them the way. From his appearance and genteel address they had no suspicion of his being a runaway slave. While stopping here Mr. Y— took him, one day, to the house of a friend. They staid for dinner, and during the meal the subject of caste came up, in the discussion of which Mr. Y— remarked to the host, that he was then entertaining a negro slave at his table. The host was greatly surprised, and could be scarcely convinced of the fact. It was deemed entirely safe, by the U. G. agents, for this fugitive to travel openly by daylight, and he had done so from Quincy, and continued his journey from here in the same way, stopping with friends on the route (as occasion required), to whom he was directed from place to place.

This young man was his *master's son* by a slave mother. He grew up active, intelligent and trusty. He had for some time been in sole charge of his father-master's business, a position of considerable trust and responsibility, in which he proved himself trustworthy and fully competent. He had a "legitimate" brother, the two bearing a strong family resemblance, about the only

difference being a very slight tinge in the color of the slave brother's skin.

The legitimate brother was a profligate, a spendthrift, and a tyrant; a constant source of vexation and trouble to his father, and who was yet allowed by him to tyrannize over and abuse his slave brother until life was almost a burden. This abuse was suffered patiently for a long time; but finally, in his estimation, "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and relief was sought in a successful flight. No moralizing in this case is necessary.

Let us look now for a moment on photograph No. 2. An old man, from fifty to sixty years of age, had made his way, somehow, from forty miles below New Orleans to Quincy. He had had a fearful experience of the rigors of slave life in the far south, and was now making his escape therefrom. At Quincy he providentially stumbled into a sawmill on the river bank, to sleep. This, he found out in some way, belonged to the very man, of all others in Quincy, that he wanted to see—the principal U. G. agent there. He was soon put upon the line and sent forward, arriving safely upon Round Prairie, and was placed in care of Mr. Y—. Here, out in a clump of underbrush, he

stripped off his shirt to exhibit to his host a rare specimen of workmanship done in human flesh, by such cunning malignity as could only be born of slavery, aided by the prince of darkness.

A cat—not the sailor’s instrument of torture, known as the “cat-o’-nine-tails,” a sort of whip—but a living cat with its four sharp sets of fearful claws, had been taken by the cruel overseer, by its tail and neck, and dragged backwards down the man’s back; resenting such treatment as only a cat could, by setting its claws as firmly as possible into the quivering flesh. This operation was continued until no space was left upon his back for its further application. These wounds had festered, leaving a series of deep, close furrows, plainly legible in lines of living flesh covering the whole back. Across these were an irregular series of heavy welts raised by the overseer’s lash.

We have no taste, dear reader, for the exhibition of such pictures; but historic truth demands that we present them as having been exhibited already, in this nineteenth century, on Round Prairie, in the free State of Illinois.

A GRAND RALLY AND HUNT.

Perhaps the most exciting incident that has ever occurred in the history of the U. G. R. R. in Round Prairie, and at the same time the most dramatic in its details, occurred in the fall of 1857. A professional writer of sensational stories might easily work up the material furnished by this incident into a novel of respectable size. Our aim in giving its details, shall be, as it has been in all the incidents found in this book, to give an exact and faithful narrative of facts as obtained from the best sources of information open to us. We may say further here, once for all, that the facts of every anecdote found upon these pages, unless otherwise specified, have been furnished us by parties who were active participants in the scenes described, or who were otherwise thoroughly conversant with the facts stated. We deem this statement due to the facts, many of which "are stranger than fiction."

Late one Saturday night, or, rather, perhaps early Sunday morning, a covered wagon stopped at the house of Mr. X—, located at a point on Round Prairie that we shall not designate. The driver aroused Mr. X— and called him out to inform him that he

had a consignment of negroes that he wished to place in his care. Under ordinary circumstances the charge would have been readily accepted; but at this time Mr. X— had in his employ an Irishman who could have found no greater pleasure than to get scent of a trail that might lead to the capture of a runaway “nager.” For this reason it was thought imprudent for Mr. X—to receive the freight. The driver was informed of the peculiar situation and advised to take his cargo to the house of Mr. Y—. In the mean time the Irishman, awakened by the slight disturbance below, looked out, saw the wagon, and was sharp enough to take in the situation at a glance. In his eagerness he rushed out, without stopping to consider the propriety of his appearance in company in his very limited night apparel. He approached the driver in a very familiar way, and tried to convince him that, being himself a sound “abolitionist,” there would be no harm in admitting him to confidence, and allowing him to share in the management of the case. The driver, duly forewarned, paid no attention to his blarney and drove off, hoping thus to get rid of his too familiar attentions.

But the Irishman determined to track the

game to its hiding place, and then arrange for its capture. Not daring to lose the time necessary to add to his wearing apparel, he followed as he was, keeping far enough from the wagon to escape observation, yet near enough to be sure of its destination. The distance to Y—'s house was not great, and the Irishman was rejoiced to see the wagon stop there, and the living cargo unload and approach the house. So well satisfied was he now, that the game was safe, that he hastened home to add somewhat to his dress, and then notify some of the nearest neighbors, who were as eager for such game as himself, and secure their assistance in its capture.

No attempt to pass the negroes on, or to change their quarters, was expected until the coming night; and being the Sabbath, no legal steps could be taken at once for their arrest. A quiet outlook may have been kept over the premises during the day to guard against any flank movement by Mr. Y— against surprise and the capture of the game.

The Sabbath hours furnished abundant time for the Irishman to consult with his friends, make the necessary plans, and secure all the assistance he might need. It

was deemed prudent to place a strong guard around the premises at night to prevent the possibility of an escapade. At an early hour on Sunday evening armed men arrived in sufficient numbers to carry out the plan. As night drew on, the crowd increased. A neighbor on his way to prayer meeting, purposed passing Mr. Y—'s house that evening, as it was nearer than by the road, and when near the place, was ordered to halt by a little cluster of men not far from the point at which it appeared he was attempting to pass the picket line of the guard. Failing to comprehend the situation, or not recognizing their authority, he passed on. The order was repeated in more emphatic tones, but not regarded. The sharp report of a gun close upon the order, demanded consideration. The neighbor halted, turned his course, abandoned his peaceful mission to the house of prayer, and returned home for his gun, remarking to a friend that, "if shooting was the game, it had at least two sides to it." On his way back he notified other neighbors of the situation, some of whom proceeded with him to Mr. Y—'s. Here things began to look serious; some of the family were alarmed and frightened at the supposed, or, possibly, real danger.

With the hope of getting rid of the annoyance more speedily, Mr. Y— approached some of the leaders, and offered them the privilege of making their contemplated search at once, without legal warrant. But they were in no mood to take advice from Mr. Y— or his friends. Having a sure thing of it, they were going about its execution in their own way. Changing front, Y— then told them they were trespassing upon his premises without authority of law, disturbing his family, breaking the peace—in brief, that they were *rioters*, and that unless they promptly dispersed and left his premises, he should take speedy measures to have them arrested as such. Scorning his threat, as they had his previous advice, they told him that he was their prisoner, and would not be allowed to leave the premises. With the aid of a friend, however, who led his horse out of the lines at one point, while he passed out at another, Mr. Y— was soon on his way to the office of a justice of the peace in a distant part of the township. The friend who had aided Y— in getting out of the lines, did not add greatly to the good nature of the crowd, by pointing to the receding form of the horseman, and taunting them with their inefficiency as a guard, as they

had allowed their "prisoner" to escape. This was of small consequence to them, however, as compared with the game still in "the bush."

The hours of the Sabbath finally passed away, and the curtain of midnight fell upon the scene, to rise again with the early dawn upon another exciting act in the passing drama.

The wild Irish leader had gone, at the first opportunity after the Sabbath had passed, to the office of a justice of the peace near at hand, for a warrant to search the house, and arrest the negroes. This document is worthy of record here, as showing the *legal status of men* with a black skin, at that time; also as defining a crime now obsolete in this country, and as containing a classification of "property" that already seems strange, and will seem more so as the years go by. The substance of the warrant is reproduced here from memory, by one who copied it from the docket soon after it was issued, and who preserved it for years as a memento of the occasion, and is thought to be substantially, if not really, verbatim. It reads as follows, except names and dates: viz., "M— W— comes, and on his oath declares that a larceny has been committed at

the County of Schuyler, State of Illinois, and that the goods stolen, to wit: three negroes are supposed to be concealed in the house of J. B. Y—.

“To all constables, etc., greeting:

“You are hereby commanded to search in the daytime, the house of said J. B. Y—, and if any of the said goods be found, the same are to be seized and brought before me.

“(Signed), A. B—, J. P.”

Armed with this document, the Irishman returned to the field of action, to await with his comrades the coming of the morning, and of the officer who had been secured to execute the warrant. During this interim, an interesting little episode occurred that deserves notice.

Questioning the fact, that the Irishman had a search warrant, the friends of Mr. Y— demanded to see and read it for their own satisfaction. This was refused on the plea that they wanted possession of the paper for the purpose of destroying it. Protesting against this charge, and claiming good intentions, and to be acting in good faith, the demand was renewed, but again refused. The demand was then made that the Irishman, or some of his friends, should read it aloud, as they certainly had a right to be

satisfied as to the fact of his having the authority claimed. This proposition was assented to, a light procured, and some one selected to do the reading. The one chosen, however, proved a failure in this scholastic art. With all the legal clearness and precision of the document, the reader failed to make anything intelligible out of it. After further parley, it was agreed that, the Irishman holding the document, a friend of Y—'s might approach, take hold of one corner of the paper, and looking over at the Irishman's side, read it. When nearly through, suspicions of foul play came into the Irishman's head again, and jerking away the paper, he blew out the light, brought down his gun, and ordered the party to stand back. Sharp words ensued upon this abrupt termination of the affair, but nobody was hurt, and the episode had helped to pass away the tedious hours of night.

Morning came, and with it the officer, to whom was committed the responsibility of maintaining, by his personal service or sacrifice, if need be, the majesty of the law.

The constable, accompanied by the Irishman, armed with revolvers and huge knives, proceeded to search the house. They were afforded the fullest opportunity to make

thorough work of it. With extreme caution they went over the house, in constant dread of having their heads broken by the clubs of the burly negroes whom they expected would suddenly spring upon them from their concealment.

Thus the search went on, from cellar to garret; every room, closet, nook or cranny, that was supposed to afford space for the concealment of a human being, was thoroughly explored, but not a *curly head* could be found.

The case began to look hopeless. The mystery was beyond comprehension. That the negroes had been fairly tracked to the place designated, there was no more doubt than there was of the existence of the Irishman who saw them there with his own eyes. That there had been time enough to spirit them away during his brief absence from the place, or that any attempt to move them on to another point that night, would be made, were deemed too improbable for consideration. So the mystery deepened. The negro hunters were foiled, bitterly disappointed and chop-fallen at the miserable failure of their search.

To add to their chagrin, the friends of Mr. Y— now began to ridicule them for

their inefficiency as hunters. Old logs and boards were turned over about the premises, exposing rat holes that they were urged to look into. All sorts of suggestions were made to tantalize them, and urge their search into various improbable places of concealment. This storm of ridicule they were now in no mood to meet or resent.

To make their discomfiture complete, as they were about to abandon the search and leave the field, a new actor appeared on the stage, in the person of an officer armed with a warrant for the arrest of the Irishman and several of his most prominent followers, on a charge of riot. To the execution of this writ all submitted quietly but one young man, who swore he "wouldn't go." The officer ordered a posse to seize the rebellious young man, tie him, and load him into the wagon with the other prisoners. Two stout men sprang forward to execute the mandate, when the young man "came down" with such grace as he could command, and climbed into the wagon. All were taken before a Justice of the Peace some miles distant, examined, and bound over for their appearance at court. The final result of the case was, that after various dilatory proceedings, delaying it from term to term, it was

thrown out of court in consequence of an error that had crept into the date of an important paper, placing the event a year from the time of its actual occurrence. How this error happened, is one of the legal mysteries of the case, supposed to be understood only by the profession. Its explanation we do not attempt.

An interesting side scene occurred that Sunday night, while the great drama was on the boards, that has a place in our story, and is of permanent interest to a considerable circle of friends.

A near friend of Mr. Y— was seen making hurried movements about the neighborhood, in the darkness, under cover of night, suggestive of active preparation for some pressing emergency. Any such action on the part of Mr. Y—'s friends at this stage of affairs, was thought to be decidedly suspicious, and as indicating some shrewd, bold flank movement for the escape of the negroes from the snare so surely closing in upon them. A close watch was kept upon this man's movements, with the earnest expectation that a clue might thus be obtained to important revelations. Nor was this expectation disappointed, *except in the nature of the revelation.*

No runaway negroes were found, no "larceny" discovered, nor "stolen goods" unearthed; but a certain promising young man, who is sometimes seen upon our streets, dates his *birthday* (?) back to that eventful Sunday night: viz., November 8th, 1857.

The sequel to this story furnishes an important act in the drama; and the events we now relate will probably furnish many of the actors in the scene their first knowledge of the reasons why they failed in their search for the negroes.

Mr. Y— knew that he was a "marked man," and that his premises were sometimes watched, and peculiarly liable to search if any suspicious circumstances should point that way. Extreme caution was therefore necessary on his part.

The three negroes were received by Mr. Y— precisely as the Irishman had stated, but were not taken into the house, nor concealed on the premises, but led around in rear of the house and down to lower ground, a short distance away, that would hide the party from observation in the opposite direction, and then taken to the house of Mr. Z—, a near neighbor who at that time was not so much under the ban of suspicion as Mr. Y—. This movement was executed with so much

celerity that Mr. Y— was safely at home again before the Irishman's counter movement was carried out.

Mr. Z— received the negroes, put them in his garret, supplied them with food for the day, and as the time approached, went about the usual preparations for going to church. There was at this time a lady visitor in his family, who would have objected strongly to being an original party to any such "underground" proceedings as now surrounded her. Knowing, as he did, that her views were directly opposite his own upon this subject, Z— did not hesitate to explain the situation to her, so far as necessary; and relying safely on her honor as a lady, and her obligations as a guest, left her alone in charge of the house, and virtually on guard over the negroes, while he and his family went to church as usual.

Apprehensive that a failure of the search at Y—'s might lead to the search of other premises near by, it was deemed prudent to get the negroes further from the scene on Sunday night, before the search should be made at Y—'s. Accordingly Mr. X— and Mr. Z— went with them after night across lots, to a place in the neighborhood about two miles away, where it was thought they

would be safe. After getting there, upon consultation it was thought best to take them out of the neighborhood altogether. In accordance with this decision, X.— and Z.— took the negroes on horseback, struck off upon a side track directly away from the main line, placed them in safe quarters ten miles away, near Huntsville, and were back upon the scene of the excitement in the early morning, to join in the sport made at the expense of the discomfited negro-hunters.

Many additional incidents might be given— in fact, this subject alone would furnish abundant material for a book of several hundred pages; but we think enough have been given to illustrate fairly the *modus operandi* of the Underground Railroad system.

THE END.



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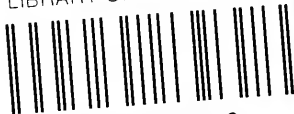
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